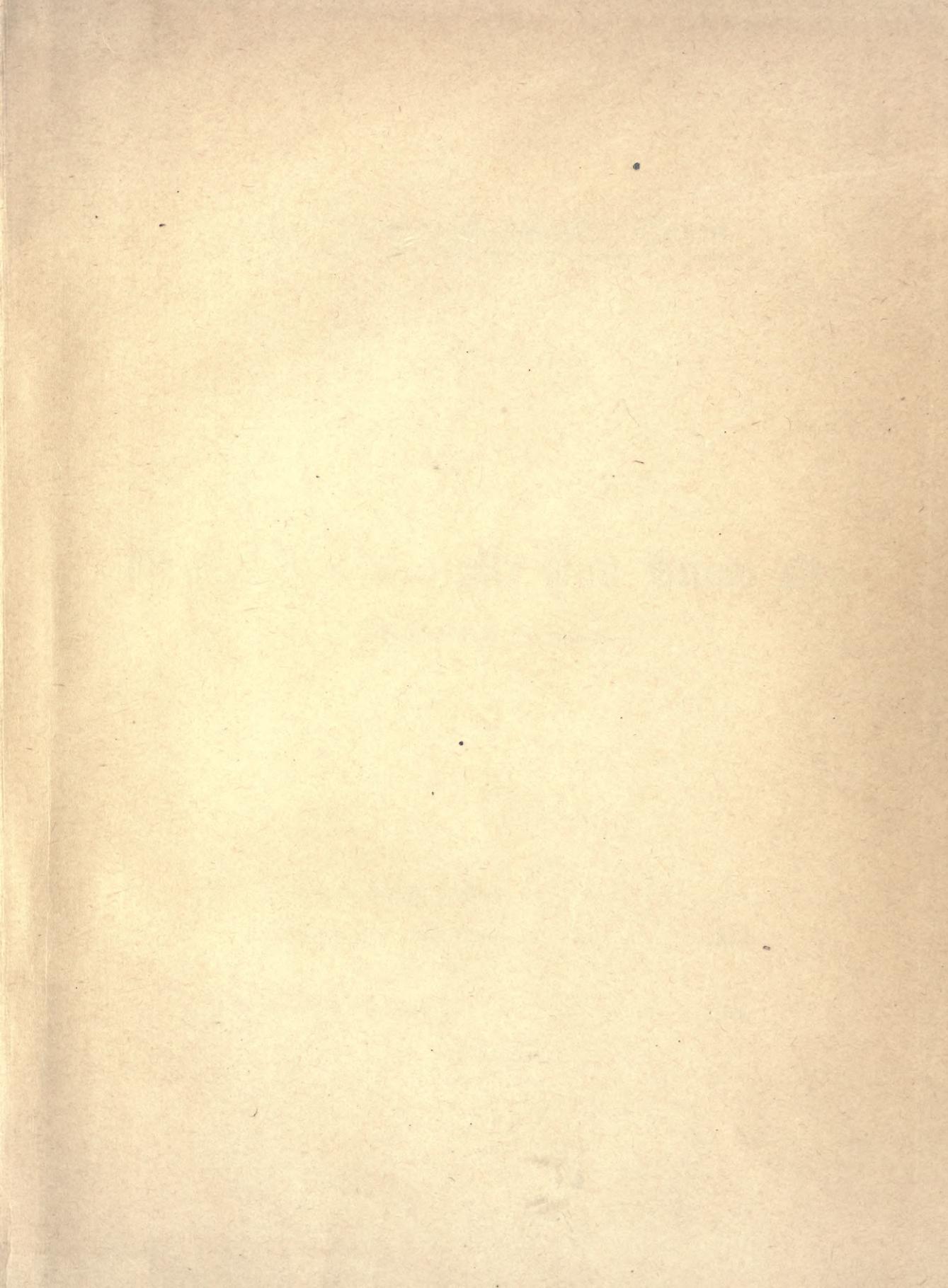


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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

When You See Me You Know Me

By SAMUEL ROWLEY

Date of earliest known edition 1605

Date of original of this Facsimile 1613

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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

[Vol. 104.]

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

When You See Me You
Know Me

By SAMUEL ROWLEY

1605

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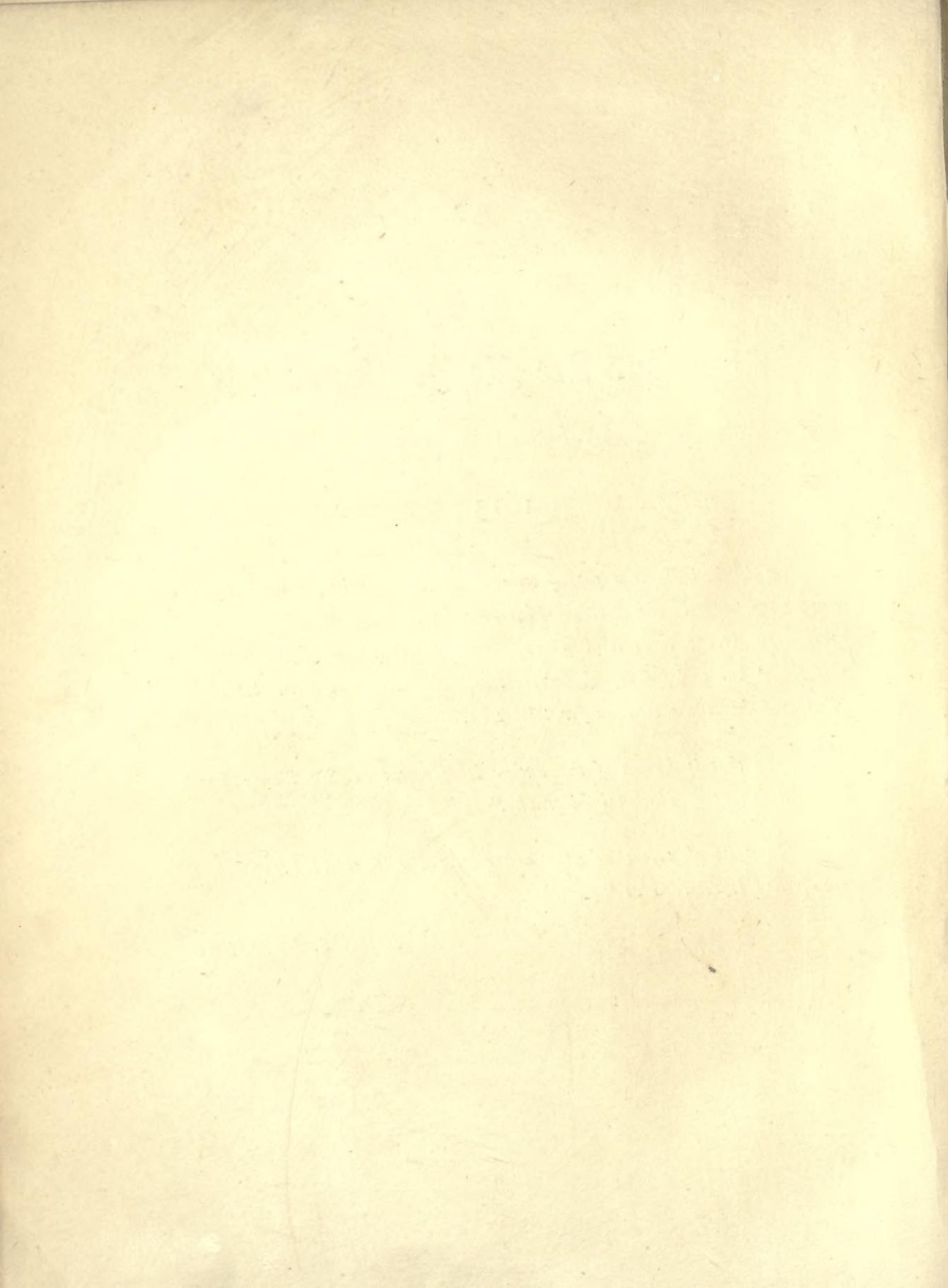
1613

This facsimile is a reproduction of the 1613 edition, a reprint of the 1605 issue, now in the British Museum. First issued in 1605 there were reprints in 1613, 1621 and 1632. Bodley has all four; the B.M. has only the second and fourth, the first-named of these in a better state than all others—hence the selection for this series.

All that is known of the author is narrated by Sir Sidney Lee in the "Dictionary of National Biography."

In spite of recent adverse atmospheric conditions (Feb. 1913), the reproduction is recorded as "good."

JOHN S. FARMER.



WHEN YOU SEE ME,

You know me.

Or the famous Chronicle Historie of king
Henrie the Eight, with the birth and vertuous life
of EDVVARD Prince of Wales.

*As it was playd by the high and mightie Prince of Wales
his servants.*

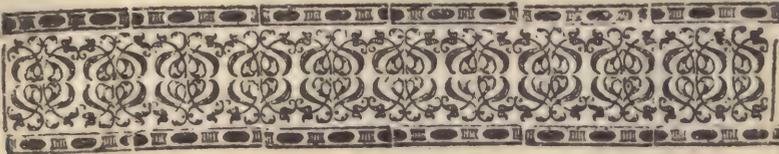
By SAMVELL ROVVLY, servant
to the Prince.



AT LONDON,

Printed for Nathaniell Butter, and are to be sold at his shop in Pauls
Church-yard neare S. Austines gate. 1613.





When you see mee, You know mee.

¶ Enter the Cardinal with the Embassadors of France, in all state and
royalty, the Purse and Mace before him.

Woolsey.



Entlemen giue leaue : you great Embassadors,
From *Francis* the most Christian King of *France* :
My Lord of *Paris*, and Lord *Bonevet*,
Welcome to England : since the King your maister
Intreates our furtherance to advance his peace ;
Giving vs titles of high dignitie,

As next elect to Romes Supremacie.
Tell him we haue so wrought with English *Henry*.
(Who, as his right hand loues the Cardinal)
That vn-delaid, you shall haue audience :
And this day will the King in person sit
To heare your message, and to answere it.

Bonevet. Your grace hath done vs double curtesie :
For so much doth the King our maister long,
To haue an answere of this Embassage.
As minutes are thought months till we returne.

Paris. And that is the cause his highnesse moues your grace,
To quicke dispatch betwixt the King and him :
And for a quittance of your forwardnesse,
And hopefull kindnesse to the Crowne of *France*,
Twelue reverent Bishops are sent post to Rome.

Handwritten note:
How to the Embassadors
of France, in all state and
royalty.

When you see me, you know me.

Both from his highnesse and the Emperour,
To moue *Campius* and the Cardinals,
For your election to the papall throne,
That *Woolfies* head may were the tripall Crowne.

Wool. Wee thanke his highnesse for remembering vs,
And so salute my Lord the Emperour,
Both which (if *Woolfie* be made Pope of Rome)
Shall be made famous through all Christendome,
How now *Bonner*.

J Enter Bonner.

Bon. Sir *William Compton* from his highnesse comes,
To do a message to your excellence.

Wool. Delay him a while, and tell him we are busie,
Meane time my Lords you shall withdraw your selues,
Our private conference must not be knowne,
Let all your gentlemen in their best array,
Attend you brauely to King *Henries* Court,
Where we in person presently will meete you:
And doubt not wele preuaile succesfully.

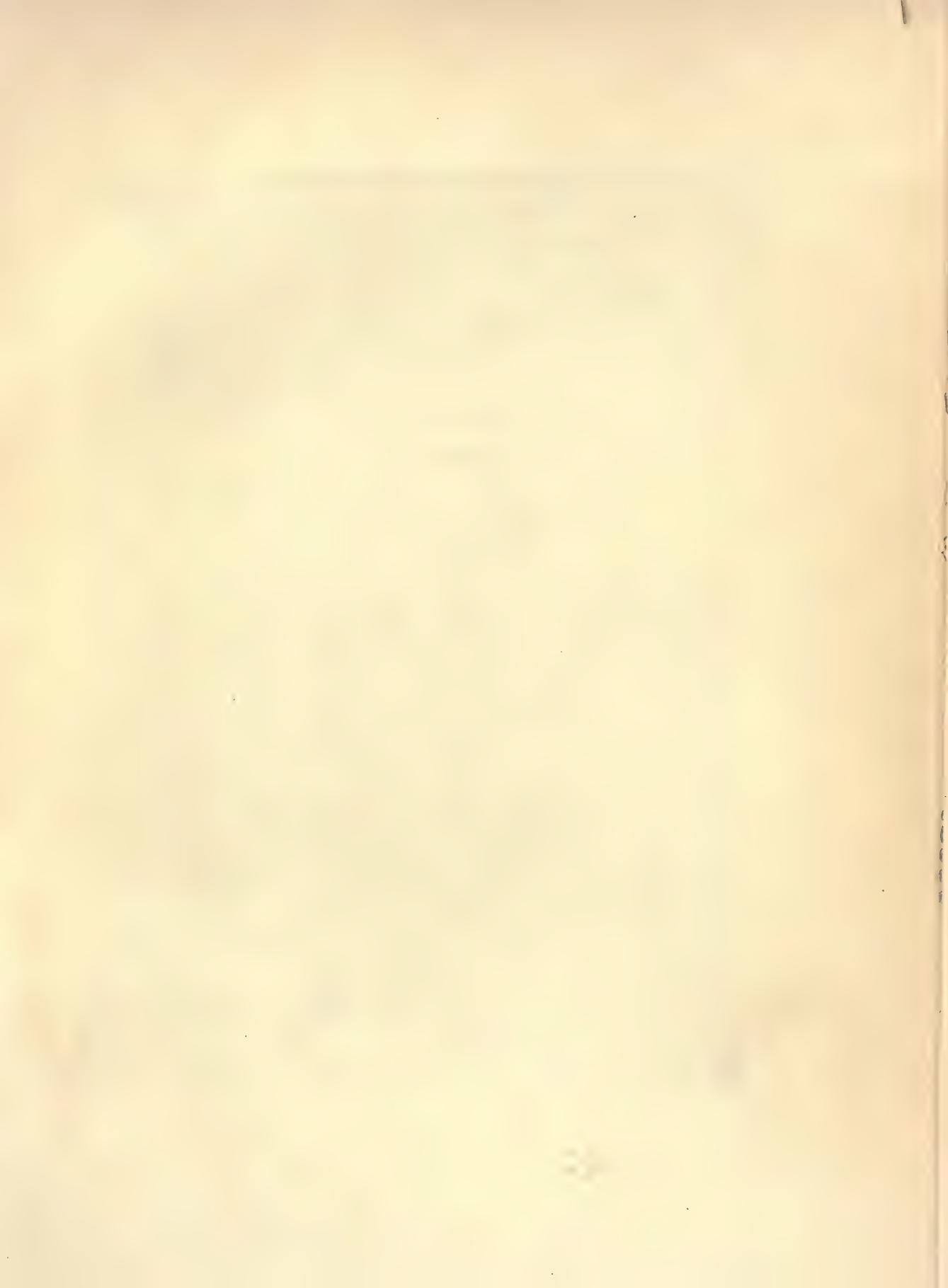
Bone. But hath your grace yet moued his highnesse sister,
For kind acceptance of our Soveraignes loue.

Wool. I haue, and by the Kings meanes finisht it,
And yet it was a taske, I tell yee Lords,
That might haue been imposed to *Hercules*,
To win a Ladie of her spirit and yeares,
To see her first loue crownd with silver haire,
As old King *Lewes* is, that bedrid lies,
Vnfit for loue, or worldly vanities.

Bon. But tis his Countries peace the King respects.

Wool. We thinke no lesse, & wee haue fully wrought it,
The Emperours forces that were leuid,
To invade the frontyres of loe Burgondie,
Are staid in Brabant by the Kings commaund,
The Admirall *Hayward* that was lately sent,
With threescore saile of ships and pinaces,
To Batter downe the townes in Normandy,
Is by our care for him, cald home againe:
Then doubt not of a faire succesfull end,

Since



When you see me, you know me.

Since *Woolfe* is esteemed your Soveraignes friend.

Par. We thanke your excellence, and take our leaves,

Wool. Hast ye to Court, Ile meet ye presently.

Bone. God morrow to your grace.

Exeunt.

Wool. God morrow Lords, go call Sir *William Compton* in,
We must haue narrow eyes; and quicke conceit,
To looke into these dangerous stratagems,
I will effect for *France*, as they for me:
If *Woolfe* to the Popes high state attaine,
The league is kept, or elle heele breakt againe.

Enter Bonner and Compton.

Now good Sir *William*.

Comp. The king my Lord intreates your reverent grace,
There may be had some priuate conference,
Betwixt his highnesse and your excellence,
Before he heere the French Embassadors,
And wils you halten your repaire to him.

Wool. Wee will attend his highnesse presently,
Bonner, see all our traine beset in readinesse,
That in our state and pompe pontificall,
We may passe on to grace King *Henries* Court.

Comp. I haue a message from the Queene my Lord,
Who much commends, and humbly thanks your grace,
For your exceeding loue, and zealous prayers,
By your directions through all England sent:
To inuocate for her sound Prosperous helpe,
By heavens faire hand in Child-bed passions.

Wool. We thanke her highnesse that accepts our loue,
In all Cathedrall Churches through the Land,
Ae Masses, Derges, and professions in sig:
With prayers to heauen to bleis her Majestie,
And send her joy, and quicke delivery:
And so Sir *William* do my duty to her,
Queene *Ians* was euer kind and courtuous,
And alwaies of her Subiects honoured.

Comp. I take my leau my Lord.

Exit.

When you see me, you know me.

Wool. Adew good Knight, weele follow presently,
Now *Woolsey* worke thy wites like gaddes of Steele,
And make them plyable to all impressions,
That King and Queene and all may honour thee:
So toild not *Cesar* in the state of Rome,
As *Woolsey* labours in the affaires of Kings:
As *Hamball* with oyle did melt the Alpes:
To make a passage into *Italie*:
So must we beare our high pitcht *Eminence*
To digge for glory in the hearts of men.
Till wee haue got the Papall diadem:
And to this end haue I compos'd this plot,
And made a League betweene the French and vs:
And match their aged King in holy Mariage,
With Lady *Mary* Royall *Henries* sister:
That he in peace complotting with the Emperour
May plead for vs within the Courts of Rome.
Wherefore was *Alexanders* fame so great,
But that he conquered and deposed Kings,
And where doth *Woolsey* faile to follow him,
That thus commandeth Kings and Emperours?
Great Englands Lord haue I so won with words:
That vnder colour of advising him,
I overrule both Counsell, Court, and King:
Let him command, but we will execute.
Making our glorie to our-shine his fame,
Till we haue purchast an eternall name.

Enter Bonner.

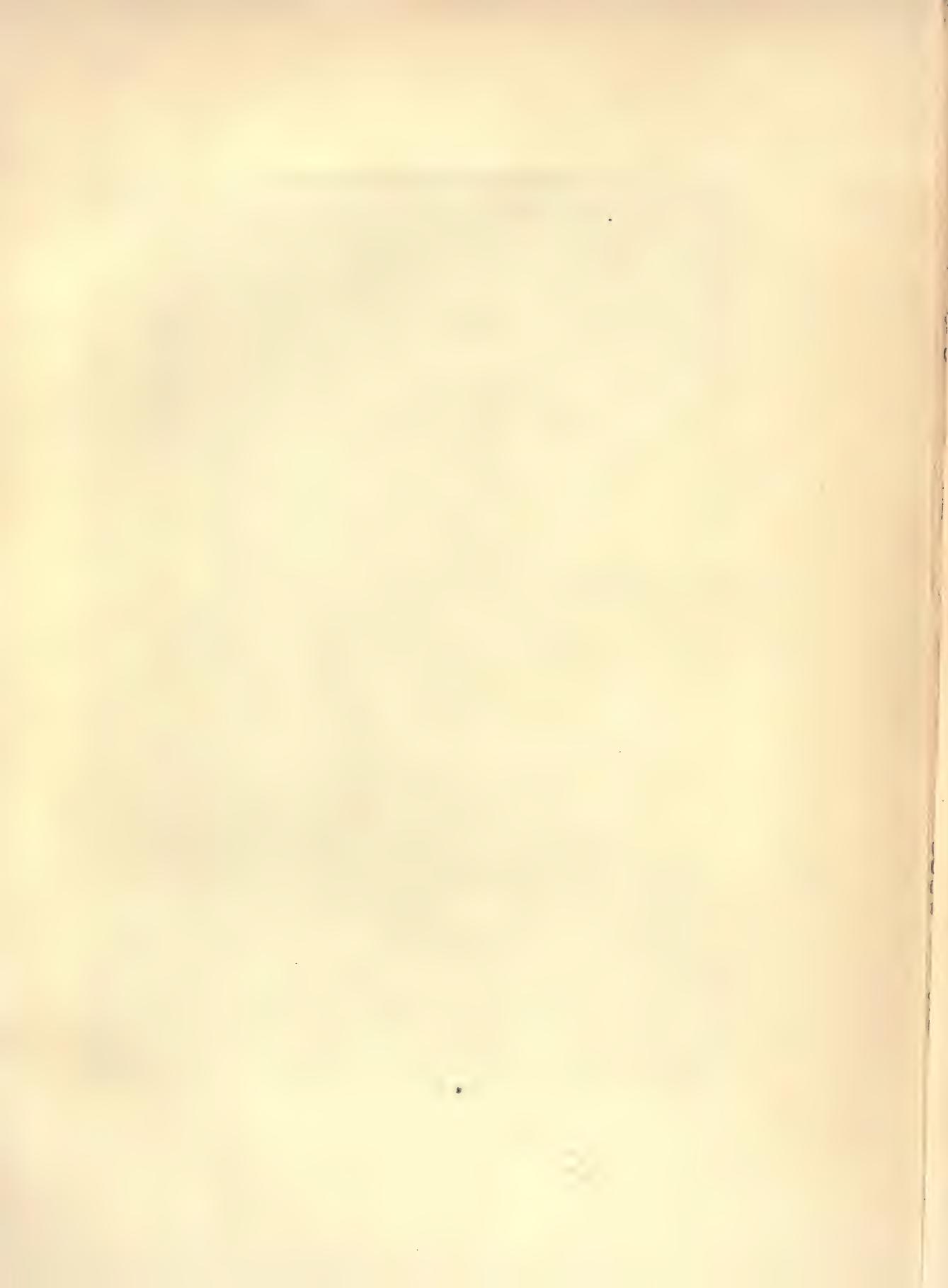
Now *Bonner*, are those proclamations sent
As we directed to the Sheriffes of London,
Of certaine new deuised Articles.
For ordering those brothelles called the Stewes?

Bon. They are readie my Lord, and the Shriue attends for them,

Wool. Dispatch him quickly, and hast after me;
We must attend the Kings high Maiestie.

*Sound Trumpets, Enter King Harry the Eight, Lusene Iane bigge with-
Child, the Cardinall, Charles Brandon Duke of Suffolks, Dudley, Gray,
Compton, the Lady Mary, the Countesse of Salisbury attending on the Q.*

King.





When you see me, you know me.

King. Charles Brandon, Dudley, and my good Lord Gray,
Prepare your selues, and be in readinesse,
To entertaine these French Embassadors,
Meete them before our Royall Pallace Gate:
And so conduct them to our Maiestie.
We meane this day to giue them Audience.

Dud. Gray. Wee will my Lord.

Bran. Let one attend without.

And bring vs word when they are comming on.

King. How now Queene *Iane* (Mother of God) my loue
Thou wilt never be able to sit halfe this time:
Ladies, I feare shee wake ye, yer belong,
Me thinks she beares her burthen very heavily,
And yet good sister and my honored Lords,
If this faire houre exceed not her expect,
And passe the callender of her accounts,
Shee will heare this Embassage, *Iane* wilt thou not?

Qu: Iane. Yes my deere Lord, I cannot leaue your sight,
So Long as life retains this Mantion,
In whose sweet lookes bright Soveraignties in-Thronde,
That make all nations loue and honor thee,
Within thy frame sits awfull Maiestie,
Wrethed in the curled furrowes of thy front:
Admird and feard even of thine enemies;
To be with thee, is my felicitie.
Not to behold the state of all the world,
Could winne thy Queene, thy sicke vnwildie Queene,
To leaue her chamber, in this mothers state.
But sight of thee vnequall Potentate.

King. God a-mercie *Iane*, reach me thy Princely hand.
Thou art now a right woman, goodly, chiefe of thy sex,
Me thinks thou art a Queene superlatiue,
Mother a God, this is a womans glorie,
Like good September Vines, loden with fruite.
How ill did they define the name of women,
Adding so foule a preposition:
To call it woe to man, tis woe from man.
If woe it be, and then who dus not know,

That

When you see me, you know me.

That women still from men receiue their woe.
Yet, they loue men for it, but whats their gaine,
Poore soules no more but travaile for their paine;
Come, loue thou art sad, call *Will Summers* in, to
Make her merry, where is the foole to day.

Dud. He was met my Liege they say at London
Early this morning with Doctor Skelton,

King. Hes never from thence, go let a grome be sent,
And fetch him home, my good Lord Cardinall:
Who are the chiefe of these Embassadors?

Wol. Lord *Bonneuet* the French high Admirall,
And *John de Mazo* reverent Bishop of *Paris*.

King. Let their welcome be thy care good *Woolfic.*

Wool. It shall my Liege.

¶ Enter Compton.

King. Spare for no cost, *Compton*, what newes?

Comp. Embassadors my Liege.

King. Inough, go giue them entertainement Lord,
Charles Brandon, hearst thou, giue them courtesie
Inough, and stare inough, go conduct them.

Bran. I go my Lord.

*¶ Enter Will Sommers booted and spurred,
blowing a horne.*

King. How now *William*, what? post, post, where haue you beene
riding.

Will. Out of my way old *Harry*, I am all on the spurre, I can tell ye,
I haue tidings worth telling.

King. Why, where hast thou bin.

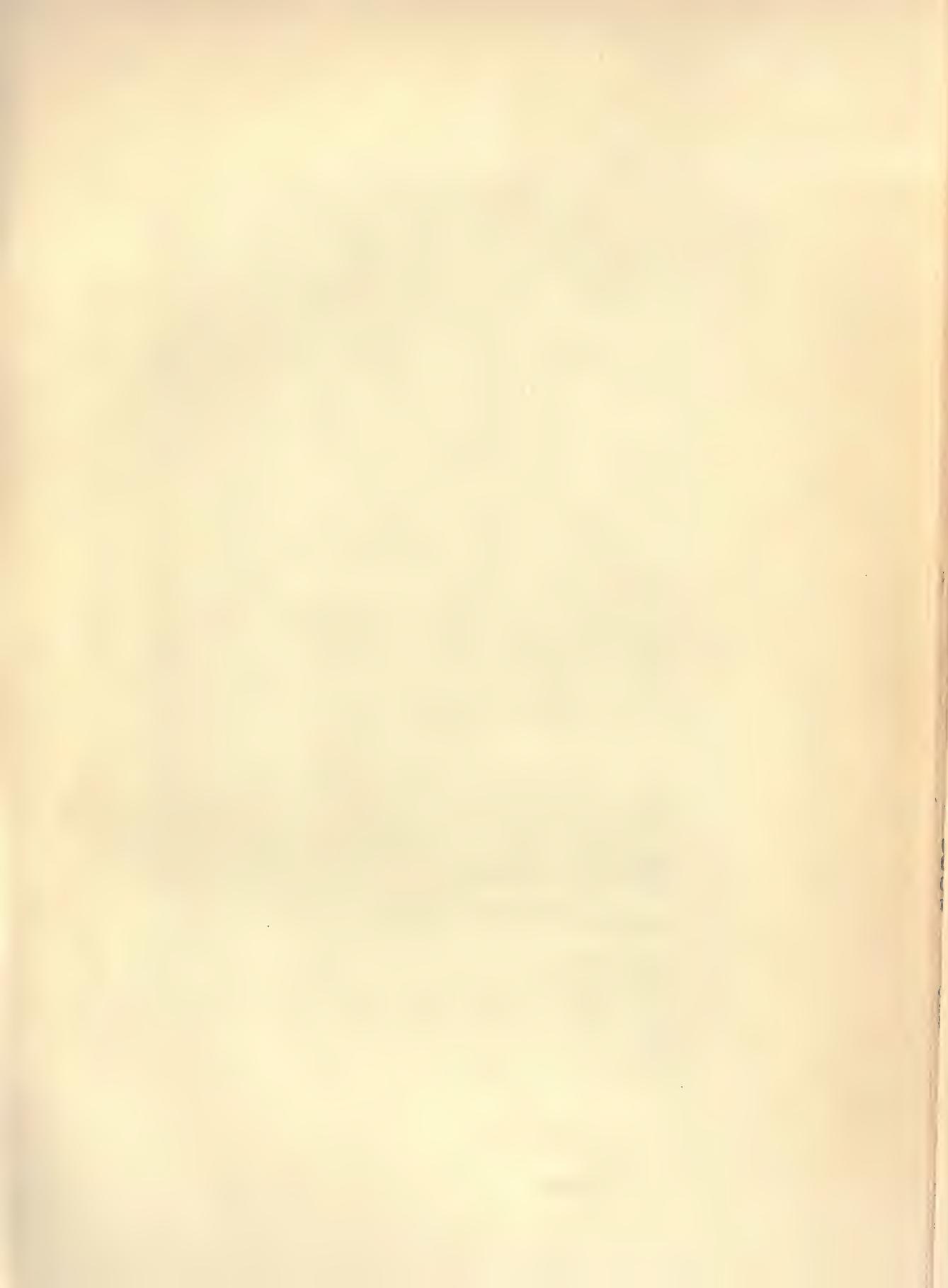
Will. Marrie I rise early, and ride post to London, to know what
newes was heere at Court.

King. Was that your neereft way *William*?

Will. O I, the verie soote path, but yet I rid the horse-way to
here it, I warrant there is nere a Cund-head keeper in London, but
knowes what is done in all the Courts in Christendome.

Wool. And what is the best newes there *William*?

Will. Good newes for you my Lord Cardinall, for



When you see me, you know me.

one of the old women Waterbeares told me for certaine, that last Friday all the belles in Rome Rang backward, there was a thousand Derges sung, sixe hundred Aucmaries said, euery man waight his face in holy-water, the people crossing and blessing themselues to send them a new Pope for the old is gone to Purgatore.

Walsie. Ha, ha, ha,

Will. Nay, my Lord you'd laugh, if t were so indeed, for euery body thinks if the Pope were dead, you gape for a benefice, but this newes my Lord is cald too good to be true.

King. But this newes came apace Will, that came from Rome to London since Fryday last.

Will. For, twas at Billings-gate by Saterday Morning, twas a full Moone, and it came vp in a Spring-tide.

King. Then you heere of the Embassadors that are come.

Willi. I, I, and that was the cause of my ryding to know what they came for, I was told it all at a Barbers.

King. Ha, ha, what a fooles this, *Iane*, and what doe they say he comes for, Will.

Williams. Marry they say hee comes to craue thy aide against the great *Turk* that voves to ouer-runne al Fraunce within this fortnight, he's in a terrible rage belike, and they say, the reason is, his old god Mahomet that was buried ith top on's Church at *Meca*, his Tombe fell downe, and kild a Sow and seven Piggess, wherevpon they thinke all swines flesh is new sanctified, and how it is thought the *Iewes* will fall to eating of Porke extreamely after it.

King. This is strange indeed, but is this all.

Will. No there is other newes that was told me, among the women at a backe-house, and that is this, they say, the great bell in *Glassenberrie*. For has told twise, and that King *Arthur*, and his Knights of the round Table that were buried in Armour, are aliue againe, crying Saint *George* for *England*, and meane shortly to conquere Rome, marry this is thought to be but a morrall,

King. The Embassadors are comming, and heere William see that you be silent, when you see them heere.

Williams. He be wise and say little I warrant thee, and therefore till I see them come, He goe talkewith the *Queene*; how dost thou *Iane*? sirra *Harrie* shee lookes very bigge vppon mee, but I care not, and shee bring thee a young Prince, Will *Sommers* may hap's bee his

When you see me, you know me.

foole, when you two are both dead and rotten.

King. Go to William, how now *Iane* what groning,
Gods me th' hast an angrie Soldiers frowne:

William. I thinke so *Harrie*, thou hast prest her often: I am sure
this two yeares she has seru'd vnder thy standard.

Qu. Iane. Good fayth my Lord I must intreat your grace
That with your favour I may leaue the presence:
I cannot stay to heare this Embassage,

Kin. Gods holy mother, Ladies lead her to her chamber,
Go bid the Midwiues, and the Nurfes waight,
Make holefome fiers and take her from the Ayer,
Now *Iane* God bring mee but a chopping boy,
Bee but a Mother to a Prince of Wales
And a Nynth *Henrie* to the English Crowne,
And thou mak' st full my hopes, faire Queene adew:
And may heavens helping hand our joyes renew:

Comp. God make your Maiestie a happy Mother,

Dud. And helpe you in your weakeft passions,
With zealous prayer wee all will iuocate
The powers deuine for your deliverie.

Qu. Iane. Wee thanke you all, and in faire enterchange
We'l pray for you: now on my humble knees,
I take my leaue of your high Maiestie,
God send your highnes long and happie Raigne,
And blese this Kingdome, and your subiects liues:
And to your gracious heart all joye restore,
I feare I shall never behold you more,

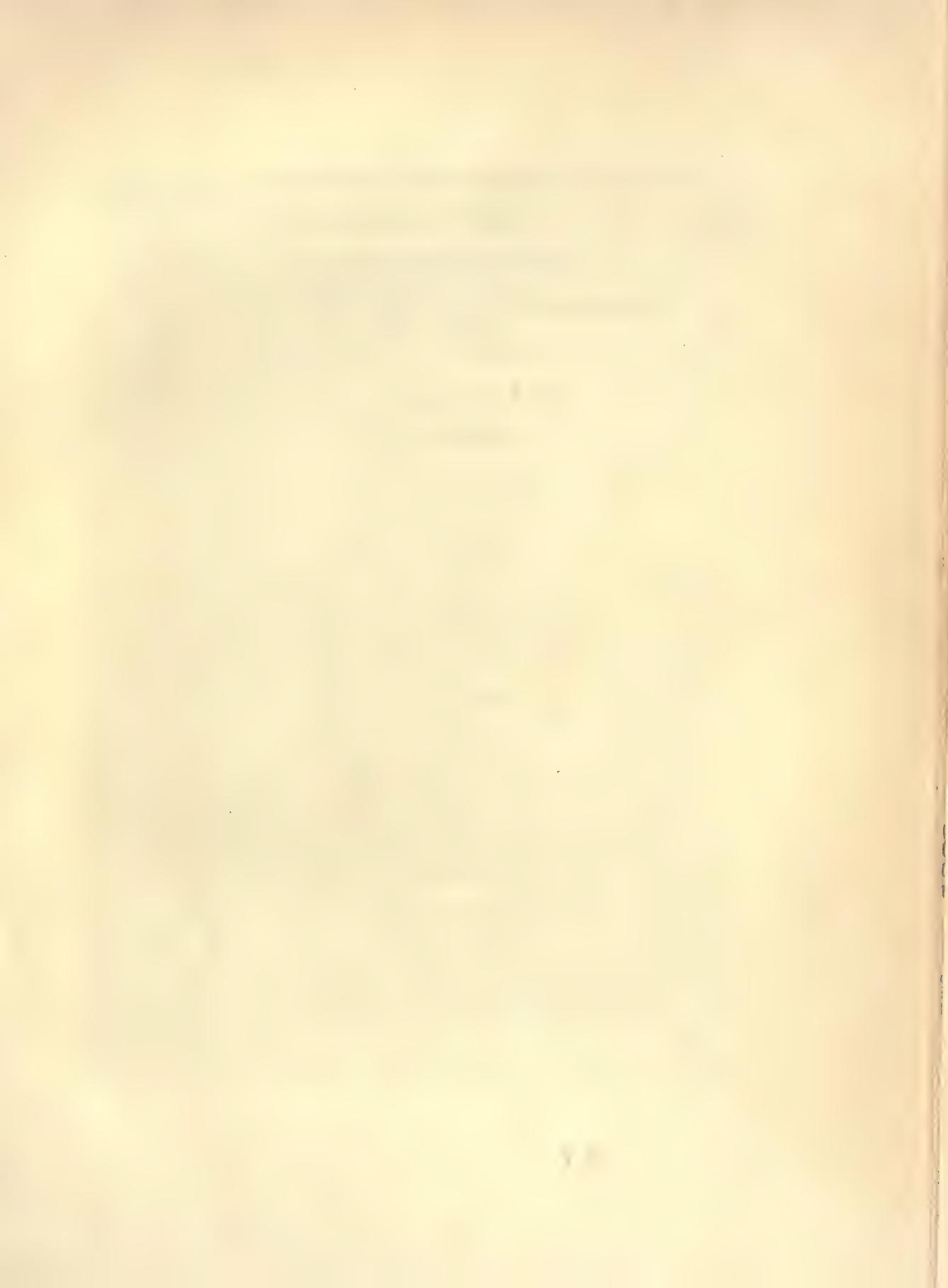
King. Doe not thinke so faire Queene, go to thy bed,
Let not my loue be so discomforted.

Will. No, no, I warrant thee *Iane*, make hast and dispatch this
That thou mayst haue another against next Christmas

King. Ladies attend her, Countesse of Salisburie, sister
Who first brings word that *Harrie* hath a Sonne (*Mary*
Shall be rewarded well:

Will. I, jle bee his suertie: but doe you hcare wenches, shee that
brings the first tydings howfoeuer it fall out, let her be sure to say the
Childs like the father, or else she shall haue nothing.

Enter



Enter Lords and Embassadors.

King. Welcome Lord *Bonnenet*, Welcome Bishop
What from our brother brings this Embassage.

Bonnenet. Most faire commends great and renowned Henrie.

Wee in the person of our Lord and King,

Heere of your highnesse, do intreat a League

And to reedefie the former peace :

Held betwixt the Realmes of England and of Fraunce,

Of late disordred, for some pettie wrongs :

And pray your Maiestie to stay your powers :

Already levied in low Burgandie,

Which to maintaine our oaths, shall be ingagde,

And to confirme it with more surety,

Hee craues your faire consent vnto his loue,

And giue the Lady *Marie* for his Queene,

The second sifter to your Royall selfe.

So may an heire springing from both your bloods.

Make both Realmes happie by a lasting League.

King. Wee kindly doe receiue your Maisters loue,

And yet our graunt stands strong vnto his suit,

If that no following censure feeble it :

For wee herein must take our Counsels aide.

But howsoever our answere shall be swift,

Meane time we graunt you faire accessse to woe,

And winne her (If you can) to be his Queene.

Our selfe will second you Right welcome both,

Lord Cardinall, these shall be your Guests,

But let our Treasure wast to welcome them :

Banquet them, how they will, what cheere, what sport,

Let them see *Harrie* keepes a Kingly Court :

Woolfse. I shall my Sovereigne.

Ex. Woolfse.

King. With draw a while our selues weele follow ye.

Now *Will*, are you not deceu'd in this Embassage,

You heard they came for aide against the Turke.

Will. Well then, now I see there is loud lies told in London,

But als one for their comming's to as much purpose as the other :

When you see me, you know mine.

King. And why I pray,

Will. Why dost thou thinke thy sister such a foole, to marry such an old *Dies veneris*, he get her with Prince? I, when either I, or the Cardinall prooue Pope, and that will never bee, I hope.

King. How knowest thou him to be old, thou never sawest him:

Will. No, nor heme; but I saw his picture with ner-a tooth e the head out, and all his beard as well favored as a white frost, but it is no matter, if he haue her, he will die shortly, and then she may helpe to bury him.

Enter Ladyes.

1. *Lad.* Runne, Runne, good Maddam, call the Ladyes in: Call for more Womens helpe, the Queene is sicke.

2. *Lad.* For Gods loue go backe againe, and warme more clothes: O let the wine be well burned I charge yee.

Will. I, in any case, or I cannot drinke it, doost thou heare *Harry*, what a coile they keepe: I warrant, these women will drinke thee vp more wine, with their gossipping, then was spent in all the Conduits at thy Coronation.

g Enter Lady Mary and the Countes of Salisbury.

King. Tis no matter *Will*, How now Ladies.

La: Mary. I beseech your grace commaund the foole fourth of the presence.

King. Away *William*: you must be gone, her's womens matters in hand.

Will: Let them speake loe then, jle not out of the roome, sure,

Count. Come, come let's thrust him out, he'll not sturre else:

Will: Thrust me, nay and yee goe to thrusting, jle thrust some of you downe I warrant ye.

King. Nay, goe good *William*.

Will. Ile out of their company *Harry*, they will scratch worse then Cats, if they catch me, therefore jle hence and leaue, God-boy Ladies do you heare Madame *Mary*, you had need to bee wary, my newes is worth a white-cake, you must play at tennis with old *Saint Dennis*, and your maiden-head must lye at the stake.

Exit.

King.

When you see me, you know me.

King. Ha, ha, the foole tels you true (my gentle sister)
But to our businesse, how faires my Queene?
How fares my *Iane*, has shee a sonne for me?
To raise againe our Kingdomes Soueraignty.

Lady Mary. That yet rests doubtfull, O my Princely Lord.
Your poore distressed Queene lyes weake and sicke,
And be it sonne or daughter, deere shee buyes it,
Even with her deere life, for one must dye:
All Womens helpe is past. Then good my Leige,
Resolue it quickly, if the Queene shall liue.
The Child must dye, or if it life receiues,
You must your haples Queene of life bereaue,

King. You peirce me with your newes, run, send for helpe.
Spend the reuenues of my Crowne for aide,
To saue the life of my beloved Queene:
How hap't shee is so ill attended on.
That wee are put to this extremity,
To saue the Mother or the Child to dye.

Countesse. I beseech your grace resolue immediately,

King. Immediately (saist thou) O, tis no quicke resolue
Can giue good verdit in so sad a choise:
To loose my Queene, that is my some of blisse,
More vertuous than a thousand Kingdomes be,
And should I loose my sonne (if Sonne it be)
That all my Subjects so desire to see.
I loose the hope of this great Monarchy.
What shall I doe?

Lady Mary. Remember the Queene my Lord:

King. I not forget her (Sister) O poore soule,
But I forget thy paine and miserie,
Goe, let the Child die; let the Mother liue,
Heavens powerfull hand may more Children giue:
Away, and comfort her with our reply,
Harry will haue his Queene though thousands die.
I know no issue of her Princely wombe:
Why then should I preferre't before her life.
Whose death ends all my hopefull joyes on earth.
God's will be done, for sure it is his will,

Ex. La.

When you see me, you know me.

For secret reasons to himselfe best knowne :
Perhaps he did mould forth a Sonne for me,
And seeing (that sees all) in his creation,
To be some impotent and coward spirit,
Vnlike the figure of his Royall Father :
Has thus decreed, least hee should blurre our fame,
As Whylome did the sixt King of my name
Loose all, his Father (the first Henrie) wonne.
He thanke the Heavens for taking such a Sonnie,
Whose within there ?

Enter Compton. My Lord.

King. Goe *Compton*, bid Lord *Seimer* come to me,
The honor'd Father of my wofull Queene.
Now now what newes ?

Lady Mary. Wee did deliver what your highnesse wild,
Which was no sooner by her grace receiu'd :
But with the sad report, shee seemd as dead,
Which causd vs stay, after recouerie.
She sent vs backe t'intreate your Maiestie,
As ever you did take delight in her,
As you preferre the quiet of her soule,
That now is ready to forsake this life,
As you desire to haue the life of one,
She doth intreate your grace that shee may die,
Least both doth perish in this agonie :
For to behold the infant suffer death,
Were endlesse tortures, made to stop her breath.
Then to my Lord (quoth she) thus gently say,
The Child is faire, the Mother earth and clay.

King. Sad messenger of woe, oh my poore *Queene*,
Canst thou so soone consent to leaue this life,
So precious to our soule, so deere to all,
To yeeld the hopefull issue of thy loines,
To raise our second comfort, well, be it so :
Ill, be it so : stay, I revoke my word,
But that you say helps not, for she must dye :
Yet if ye can saue both, I'll giue my crowne :
Nay, all I haue, and enter bonds for more,

Which



When you see me, you know me.

Which with me conquering sword with fury bent,
He purchase in the farthest continent,
Use all your chiefest skill, make hast away,
Whilst we for your successe devoutly pray.

Enter Lord Seymer.

Seym. All joy and happinesse betide my Sovereigne.

King. Ioy, be it good Lord *Seymer* noble Father,
Or joy, or griefe, thou hast a part in it,
Thou comst to greet vs in a doubtfull houre,
Thy daughter and my Queene lies now in paine,
And if I loose, *Seymer* thou canst not gaine.

Sey. Yet comfort, good my Liege, this womans woe
Why? tis as certaine to her as her death,
Both given her in her first creation:
It is a sower to sweete, given them at first
By their first Mother, then put sorrow hence:
Your grace, ere long shall see a gallant Prince.

King. Be thou a Prophet *Seymer* in thy words,
Thy louesome comfort to our hopes affords,
How now.

Enter two Ladies.

Count. My gracious Lord, heere I present to you,
A goodly sonne: see heere your flesh, your bone,
Looke heere Royall Lord, I warrant tis your owne.

Sey. See heere my Liege, by the rood a gallant Prince,
Ha little cakebred, foregod a chopping boy.

King. Even now I wept with sorrow, now with joy,
Take that for thy good newes, how fares my Queene.

Enter Mary and one Lady.

Count. O my good Lord, the wofull.

King. Tell no more of woe, speake, doth she live?
What? weepe ye all, nay, then my heart misgiues,
Resolue me sister, is the newes worth hearing.

Ld. Mary.

When you see me, you know me.

Lady Mary. Nor worth the telling, Royall Sovereigne.

King. Now, by my Crowne, thou dimst my royaltie,
And with thy clowdie lookes eclipsst my ioyes,
Thy silent eye bewraies a ruthfull sound,
Stopt in the organs of thy troubled spirit:
Say, is shee dead.

La. Mary. Without offence she is.

King. Without offence, saist thou, heaven take my soule,
What can be more offensiuē to my life:

Then sad remembrance of my faire Queenes death,

Thou wofull man, that camst to comfort me:

How shall I ease thy hearts calamitie?

That cannot helpe thy selfe: how one sad minute.

Hath raised a fount of sorrowes in his eies,

And beard his aged cheekes, yet *Seymer* see,

She hath left part of her selfe, a sonne to mee:

To thee a graund-child, vnto the land a Prince,

The perfect substance of his royall Mother,

In whom her memorie shall ever liue;

Phenix Iana obit nato Phenice,

Dolendum secula phenices nulla tulisse duas.

One Phenix dying, giues another life,

Thus must wee flatter our extreamest griefe.

What day is this.

Cump. Saint *Edwards* euen my Lord.

King. Prepare for christning, *Edward* shall be his name,

Enter the Cardinall, Embassadors.

Bonner and Gardner.

Wool. My Lords of Fraunce you haue had small cheere with vs,

But you must pardon vs, the times are sad,

And sorts not now for mirth and banqueting:

Therefore I pray make your swift returne,

Commend me to your King, and kindly tell him,

The English Cardinall will remaine his friend,

The *Lady Mary* shall be forthwith sent,

And overtake ye ere you reach to *Dover*:

And



When you see me, you know me.

And for the businesse that concernes the league,
Urge it no more, but leaue it to my care.

Bone. Wee thanke your grace, my good Lord Cardinall,
And so with thankfullnesse we take our leaues.

Wool. Happilie speed my honorable Lords,
My heart, I sweare, still keeps you company,
Farewell to both, pray your King remember
My sute betwixt him and the Emperour,
Wee shall be thankfull, if they thinke on vs.

Par. We will be earnest in your cause my Lord,
So of your grace we once more take our leaues.

Wool. Againe farewell, *Bonner* conduct them forth,
Now *Gardner*, what thinkest thou of these times.

Gard. Well, that the leagues confirmd, my gracious Lord,
Ill, that I feare the death of good *Queene Iane*,
Will cause new troubles in our state againe.

Wool. Why thinkest thou so?

Gard. I feare false *Luthers* doctrines spread so farre,
Least that his highnesse now vnmarried,
Should match amongst that sect of *Lutherans*,
You saw how soone his Maiestie was wonne,
To scorne the Pope, and Romes religion,
When *Queene Anne Bullen* wore the diadem.

Wool. *Gardner* tis true, so was the rumor spread:
But *Woolsey* wrought such meanes shee lost her head,
Tush feare not thou whilst *Harries* life doth stand,
Hee shall be King, but we will rule the land.

Bonner come hither, you are our trustie friend:
See that the treasure we haue gathered,
The Copes, the Vestments, and the Challices,
The smoake pence, and the tributary fees,
That English chimnies pay the Church of Rome:
Be barreld close within the inner seler,
Wele send it over shortly to prepare,
Our swift aduancement to *Saint Peters* chaire,
Be trustie, and be sure of honors speedilie,
The King hath promised at the next election,
Bonner shall haue the Bishopricke of London.

C

Bon.

When you see me, you know me.

Bon. I humbly thanke your grace.

Wool. And *Gardner* shall be Lord of Winchester:
Had wee our hopes, what shall you not be then,
When we haue got the Papall diadem.

Exeunt.

¶ Enter Brandon, Dudley, Gray, Seymer, Compton.

Bran. How now Sir *William Cumpston*, where is the King.

Cum. His grace is walking in the gallery,
As sad and passionate as ere he was.

Dud. I were good your grace went in to comfort him.

Bran. Not I Lord *Dudley*, by my George I sweare,
Vnlesse his Highnesse first had sent forme,
I will not put my head in such a hazzard,
I know his anger, and his spleene too well.

Gray. Tis strange, this humor hath his highnesse held,
Ever since the death of good *Queene Iane*,
That none dares venture to conferre with him.

¶ Enter Cardinall, Sommers, and Patch.

Dud. Heere comes the Cardinall.

Bran. I, and two fooles after him, his Lordship is well attended
still.

Sem. Lets win this Prelate to salute the King,
It may perhaps worke his disgrace with him.

Wool. How now *William*, what? are you heere to.

Will. I my Lord, all the fooles follow you; I come to bid my cosin
Patch welcome to the Court, and when I come to *Yorke* house, hele
do as much for me, will yee not *Patch*?

Par. Yes cosin, hey, da, tere, dedell, dey, day.

sing.

Wool. What, are you singing firra.

Will. Ile make him crie as fast anon I hold a penny.

Dud. God morrow to your grace my good Lord Cardinall.

Wool. Wee thanke your honour.

Enter King within.

King. What *Cumpston*, *Carew*,

Call within.

Bran. Harke, the King calls.

King. Mother of God, how are wee attended on: who waights
without.

Bran.

When you see me, you know the
Bran. Go in for *William*, and if you find his grace
In any milder temper then he was last night,
Let vs haue word, and wee will visit him.

Camp. I will my Lord.

Exit.

Wool. What is the occasion, the Kings so moou'd.

Bran. His grace hath taken such an inward grieffe,
With sad remembrance of the Queene that's dead:
That much his highnesse wrongs his state and person.
Besides in Ireland do the Burkes rebell,
And stout *Pearse* that disclo'd the plot,
Was by the Earle of *Kildare* late put to death,
And *Martin Luther* out of Germanie,
Has writ a booke against his Majestie,
For taking part with proud Pope *Iulius*,
Which beeing spread by him through Christendome,
Hath thus jncenst his Royall Majestie.

Wool. Tush, I haue newes, my Lord, to salue that sore,
And make the King more feard through christendome,
Then ever was his famous auncestors:
Nor can base *Luther* with his heresies,
Backt by the proudest germaine Porentate;
Heretically blurre King *Henries* fame:
For honour that he did Pope *Iulius*,
Who in high favour of his Majestie,
Hath sent *Campius* with a Bull from Rome,
To adde vnto his title this high stile:
That hee and his faire posteritie,
Proclaimd defenders of the faith shall be:
For which intent the holy Cardinals come,
As Legats from the Emperiall court of Rome.

Gray. This newes, my Lord, may something ease his mind,
Twere good your grace would go and visit him.

Wool. I will, and doubt not but to please him well.

Scym. So, I am glad he's in, and the King be no better pleased
then he was at our last parting, hele make him repent him saucines.

Bran. How now old *William*, how chance you go not to the King
and comfort him.

Will. No birladie, my Lord, I was with him too lately alreadie,

When you see me, you know me.

his fist is too heaue for a foole to stand vnder, I went to him last night, after you had left him, seeing him chafe so at *Charles*, heere to make him merrie: and he gaue me such a boxe on the eare, that stroke me cleane through three Chambers, downe foure paire of staires, fell ore fise barrells, into the bottome of the seller, and if I had not well lickard my fesse there, I had never liu'd after it.

Bran. Faith *Will*, jle giue the a veluet coate, and thou canst but make him merrie.

Will. Will ye my Lord, and jle venter another boxe on the eare but ile do it.

Enter Cumption.

Comp. Cleare the presence there, the King is comming.
Gods me, my Lords, what meant the *Cardinall*,
So vnexpected thus to trouble him.

Gray. Is the King mou'd at it.

Enter the King and Woolfe.

Compt. Iudge by his countenance, see he comes.

Bran. Ile not indure the storme.

Dud. Nor I.

Will. Runne foole, your Maister will be feld else.

King. Did Wee not charge that none should trouble vs,
Presumtuous Priest, proud prelate as thou art,
How comes it your are growne so saucie sir,
Thus to presume vpon our patience,
And croise our Royall thought distrubd and vext,
By all your negligence in our estate,
Of vs and of our countries happinelle.

Wool. My gracious Lord.

King. Fawning beast stand backe:
Or by my crowne, jle foote thee to the earth,
Wheres *Blandin*, *Surrey*, *Seymer*, *Gray*,
Where is your counsell now, O now ye crooch,
And stand like pictures at our presence doore,
Call in our guard, and beare them to the Tower,
Mother of God jle haue the traitors heads,
Go haile them to the blocke, vp, vp, stand vp,

Be

Faint, illegible text, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.

111
When you see me, you know me.

He make you know your duties to our state,
Am I a cypher, is my sight growne stale,
Am I not *Harrie*, am I not Englands King, Ha.

William. So la, now the watch-words given, nay and hee once cry
ha, neare a man in the court dare for his head speake againe, lye close
cosin *Patch*.

Patch. He not come neare him cosin, has almost kild me with his
countenance.

Kin. Wee haue been too familiar now I see,
And you may dally with our Maiestie:
Where are my pages there.

Enter Pages.

Page. My Lord.

King. T'ruise sirra, none to put my garter on,
Giue me somewine, heer's stuffe a the tother side,
Proud Cardinall who follow'd our affaires in Italy,
That wee that honor'd so Pope *Iulius*,
By dedicating bookes at thy request,
Against that vpstart sect of Lutherans,
Should by that hereticke be banded thus,
But by my *George*, I sweare, if *Henrie* liue,
He hunt base *Luther* through all Germanie,
And pull those seven electors on their knees:
If they but backe him against our dignities.
Base slaue tie soft, thou hurtst my legges,
And now in Ireland the Burkes rebell,
And with his stubborne kernes makes hourelly rodes,
To burne the borders of the English Pale,
And which of all your counsels helps vs now.

Enter Cumpston with wine.

Cumpst. Here's wine, my Lord.

King. Drinke, and be dambd, I crie thee mercy *Cumpston*,
What the diuell mentst thou to come behind me so,
I did mistake, jle make thee amends for it,
By holy *Pauli*, I am so crost and vext,
I knew not what I did, and here at home,
Such carefull statesmen do attend vs,

C 3.

And

When you see me, you know me.

And lookes so wisely to our Common weale,
That we haue ill May-daies, and riots made:
For lawlesse rebels do disturbe our state,
Twelue times this tearme, haue wee in person fate,
Both in the starre chamber, and Chauncerie courts,
To heare our subiects sutes determined:
Yet tis your office *Woolfe*, but all of you
May make a Packhorse of King *Henry* now:
Well, what would ye say.

Wool. Nothing that might displease your Maiestie,
I haue a message from the Pope to you.

King. Then keepe it still, wee will not heare it yet,
Get all of you away, avoid our presence,
Wee cannot yet commaund our patience,
Reach me a chaire.

Bran. Now *Will*, or never, make the king but smile,
And with thy mirthfull toyes allay his spleene,
That we his counsell, may conferre with him,
And by my Honor, jle reward thee well,
Too him good *Will*?

Will. Not to fast, I pray, least *Will Sum*: nere be scene againe, I know
his qualities as wel as the best an ye: for ever when he's angrie, and
no body dare speake to him, ye thrust me in by the head and shoul-
ders, and then we fall to buffits, but I know who has the worst ant:
but go, my Lord, stand aside, and stirre not till I call yee, let my co-
sin *Patch* and I alone, and he goe boxing, wele fall both vpon him,
thats certaine: but and the worst come, bee sure that the Cardinals
foole shall pay fort.

Bran. Use your best skill, good *William*, jle not be scene, vnlesse
I see him smile.

Will. Where art thou cosin, alas poore foole, he's crep vnder the
table, vp cosin, feare nothing, the stormes past, I warrant thee.

Patch. Is the King gon, cosin?

Will. No, no, yonder he sits, we are all friends now, the Lords are
gone to dinner, and thou and I must waite at the Kings table.

Patch. Not I birlady, I would not waite vpon such a Lord, for
all the livings in the Land, I thought hee would haue kild my Lord
Cardinall, he lookt so terribly

Will.

When you see me, you know me.

Will. Foe, he did but jest with him, but ile tell thee cosin the rarest tricke to be reueng'd at pass'es, and ile giue thee this fine silke point, and thou'lt do it.

Patch. O braue, ô braue, giue me it cosin, and ile do what so ere tis.

Will. He stand behind the post heere, and thou shalt goe softly stealing behind him, as he sits reading yonder, and when thou com'st close to him, cry boh, and wele scarre him so, he shall not tell where to rest him.

Patch. But will hee not be angry?

Will. No, no, for then ile shew my selfe, and after hee sees who tis, hele lafe and be as merry as a mag-pie, and thou't bee a made man by it, for all the house shall see him hugge thee in his armes, and dandle thee vp and downe with hand and foot an thou wert a footeball.

Patch. O fine, come cosen, giue me the point first, and ile rore so loud that ile make him beleue that the diuels come.

Will. So doe and feare nothing, for an thou wert the diuell himselfe, hele coniure thee I warrant thee, I would not haue such a coniuering for twenty Crownes: but when hee has made way, ile make him merry enough, I doubt it not, so so now cosen looke to your Coxecombe:

Patch. Boe.

King. Mother of God whats that.

Patch. Boe.

King. Out asse and tumble at my feete,
For thus ile spurne thee ypp and downe the house.

Patch. Helpe cosen, helpe.

Will. No cosen, now he's conjuring, I dare not come neere him.

King. Whoset this nat'rall heere to trouble me.

Enter Comp. Whose that stands laffing there, the foole, ha, ha,

Wheres *Compton.* Mother a God I haue found his drift, tis the craftiest old villaine in Christendome, marke good Sir William, because the foole durst not come neere himselfe, seejng our anger, sent this silly Asse, that wee might wreake our Royall spleene on him: whilest hee stands laffing to behold the jest, bith bleised Lady. (*Compton*) ile not leaue the foole, to gaine a million, he contents me so, come hether *will.*

Will. Ile know whether yee haue done dnocking first, my cosen
Patch lookes pittifully, ye had best be friends with vs I can tell you:
wele

When you see me, you know me.

weele scare ye out of your skin els.

King. Alas, poore pach, hold firra ther's an Angell to buy you points.

Will. Law cosin, did not I say hese make much on ye,

Patch. I eosin, but has made such a singing in my head I cannot see where I am.

Will. All the better cosin, and your head fall a singing, your feete may fall a dauncing, and so saue charges to the piper.

King. *Will Summers*, prethee tell me why didst thou send him first.

Will. Because Ile haue him haue the first fruites of thy furie. I know how the matter stood with the next that distrust'd thee, therefore I kept ith rereward, that if the battaile grew too hot, I might run presently.

King. But wherefore came ye.

Will. To make thee leaue thy mclancholly, and turne merry man againe, thou hast made all the Court in such a pittifull case as passles, the Lords has attended here this foure daies, and none dares speake to thee, but thou art ready to choppe off their heads fort: and now I seeing what a fretting furie thou continuest in, and euerie one said two'ld kill thee if thou keepst it, puld eene vp my heart, and vovd to loose my head, but ile make thee leaue it.

King. Well *William*, I am beholding to ye.
Ye shall haue a new Coate and a cap for this.

Will. Nay then, I shall haue two new coates and cappes, for *Charles Brandon* promised me one before, to performe this enterprisc.

King. He shall keepe his word *will*, go call him in,
Call in the Lords, tell them our spleene is calmbd:
Mother a God wee must giue way to wrath,
That chafes our Royall blood with anger thus:
And vse some mirth I see to comfort vs.

Draw neere vs Lords, *Charles Brandon* list to me:

Will Summers here must haue a coate of you,
But *Patch* has earned it dearest, wheres the soole?

Will. Hees enne creeping as neere the doore as hee can,
Heele faine begon I see, and hee could get out,
Wouldest thou not cosin?

Patch. Yes cosin *Will*. Ild faine be walking, I am afraid I am not as I should be.

Will.

When you see me, you know me.

Will. Come, I'll helpe thee out then, dost thou heare my Lord Cardinall, your foole is in a pittifull taking, hee smels terrible.

Wool. You are too craftie for him *William,*

King. So is he *Woolsey* credit me.

Will. I thinke so my Lord, as long as *Will* liues, the Cardinals foole must giue way to the Kings foole.

King. Well sir be quiet, and my reuerend Lords, I thanke you for your patient suffering, Wee were disturbed in our thoughts we sweare,

Wee now intreat you speake, and we will heare,

Wool. Then may it please your sacred Majestie.

Champens Legate to his holinesse,
Attends with letters from the Court of Rome.

King. Let him draw neere, wee'll giue him audience,

Dudley, and *Gray,* Attend the Cardinall,

And bring *Champens* to our presence here:

Dud. *Gray.* Wee go my Lord.

g Enter Lords and Legats.

King. *Brandon* and *Seymer,* place your selues by vs,
To heare this Message from his holinesse,
You reverent Princes pillars of the Church:

Legats Apostolike, how fareth the Pope,

Champens. In health great *King,* and from his sacred lips:
I bring a blessing Apostolicall

To English *Henry* and his Subiects all:

And more to manifest his loue to thee,

The prop and pillar of the Churches peace:

And gratifie thy loue made plaine to him,

In learned bookes gainst *Luthers* heresie,

He sends me thus to greet thy Maiestie:

With stile and titles of high dignitie,

Command the Heralds and the Trumpets forth.

Seym. Gentlemen dispatch and call them in:

Will. Lord blese vs, whats here to doe now:

Campe. Receiue this Bull sent from his holinesse.
For confirmation of his dignitie

D

To

When you see me, you know me.

To thee, and to thy faire posteritie.

Will. Tiswell the Kings is a widdower, and ye had put forth your Bull with his hornes forward, jde haue mard your message. I can tell
vc.

King. Peace *Will.* Herralds attend him :

Campe. Trumpets prepare whilst we aloud pronounce
This sacred message from his holinesse,
And in his reverent name I heere proclaime:
Henrie the Eight by the grace of God,
King of England, France and Ireland.
And to this title, from the Pope we giue,
Defender of the faith in Peace to liue :

Wool. Sound Trumpets, and God saue the King.

King. Wee thanke his holinesse for this Princely favour
Receiving it with thanks and reverence :

In which whilst we haue life, his Grace shall see,
Our sword defender of the faith shall bee.
Goe one of you salute the Maior of London,
Bid him with Herralds and with Trumpets sound,
Proclaime our titles through his government,
Goe *Gray*, see it done, attend him fellowes :

Gray. I goe my Lord, Trumpets follow me.

Exit.

King. What more Lord Legate doth his holinesse will,

Campe. That *Henrie* joyning with the Christian Kings,
Of France and Spaine, Denmarke, and Portugale,
Would send an Armie to assaile the Turke,
That now invades with warre the Ile of Rhodes,
Or send twelue thousand pound to be disposd,
As his holinesse thinks best for their reliefe.

Will. I thought so, I knew twould be a monny matter, when als
done, now thart defender of the Faith, the Pope will haue thee defend
every thing: himselfe and all.

King. Take hence the foole.

Will. I, when can ye tell? doist thou thinke any oth Lords will
take the foole, none here, I warrant, except the Cardinals.

King. What a knavish fooler this, Lords you must beare with
him, come hether *Will*, what fault thou to this new title given vs by
the

When you see me, you know me.

the Pope, speake, ist not rare?

Will. I know not how rare it is, but I know how deere twill bee, for I perceiue twill cost thee twelue thousand pounds, at least, besides the Cardinalls cost in comming.

King. All thats nothing, the title of Defender of the Faith is worth ye twile as much, say, is it not.

Will. No by my troth, dost heare old *Harrie*; I am sure the true faith is able to defend it selfe without thee, and as for the Popes faith (good faith's) not worth a farthing, and therefore giue him not a penny.

King. Goe too sirra, meddle not you with the Popes matters.

Will. Let him not meddle with thy matters then, for, and he meddle with thee, jle meddle with him thats certaine, and so farewell, Ile goe and meete my litle young Master Prince *Edward*, they say hee comes to Court to night, Ile to horsebacke, prethee *Harry* send one to hold my sturrup: shall I tell the Prince what the Pope has done.

King. I and thou wilt *Will*, hee shall be Defender of the faith too, one day.

Will. No, and he and I can defend our selues, wee care not, for we are sure the faith can. *Exit.*

King. Lord Legate, so we reverence Rome and you,
As nothing you demaund, shall be denied:
The Turke will we expell from Christendome,
Sending stout souldiers to his holinesse,
And money to relieue distressed *Rhoades*:
Soif you please, passe in to banquetting.
Goe Lords attend them, *Brandon* and *Compton* stay,
Wee haue some businesse to conferre vppon.

Cum. Wee take our leaue. *Exit.*

King. Most heartie welcome to my reverent Lords.
So, now to our businesse, *Brandon* say,
Heare ye no tidings from our Sister *Marie*,
Since her arrivall in the Realme of *France*?

Bran. Thus much we heard my Lord, at *Cales* met her
The youthfull *Dolphin*, and the Peeres of *France*:
And brauely brought her to the King at *Towers*,
Where he both married her, and crownd her Queene.

King. Tis well, but *Brandon* and *Compton* list to me,

When you see me, you know me.

I must jmploy your aide and secrecie,
This night we meane in some disguised shape,
To visit *London*, and to walke the round,
Passe through their watches, and obserue the care,
And speciall diligence to keepe our peace.
They say night-walkers, houely passe the streets,
Committing theft, and hated sacriledge:
And slightly passe vnstaied, or vnpunished,
Goe *Compton*, goe, and get me some disguise,
This night weele see our Cities gouernment:
Brandon, do you attend at *Baynards-Castle*,
Compton shall goe disquiside along with me,
Our swords and bucklers shall conduct vs safe,
But if wee catch a knock to quit our paine,
Weele put it vp, and hye vs home againe.

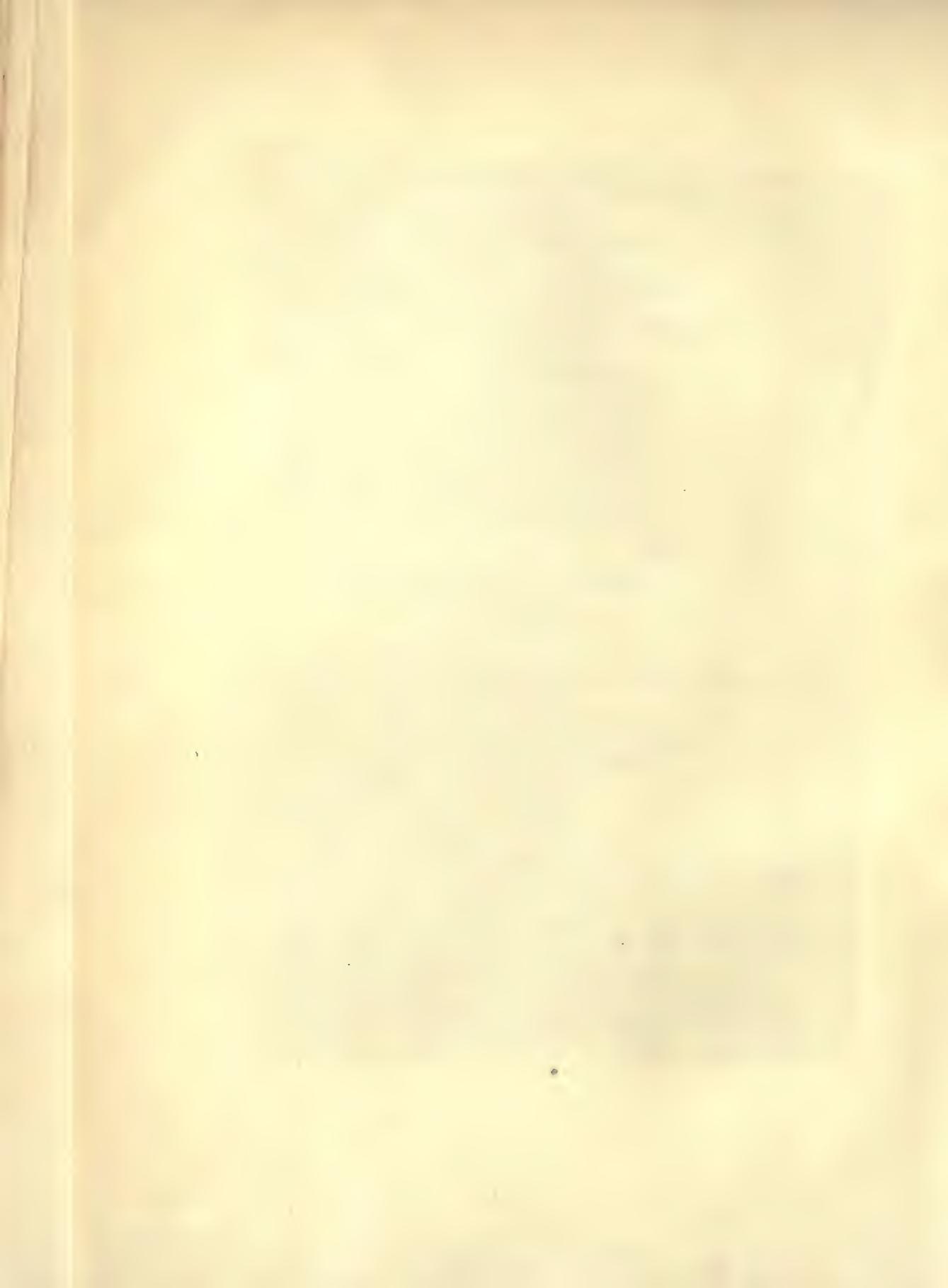
Exit.

*Enter the Constable and Watch: Prichall the
Cobler beeing one bearing a
Lant-horne.*

Constable. Come neighbours, we haue a straight commaund,
Our watches be seuerely lookt into:
Much theft and murder was committed lately,
There are two strangers, Marchants of the *Stillyard*
Cruelly slaine, found floating on the *Temmes*;
And greatly are the Stewes had in suspect,
As places fitting for no better vse,
Therefore be carefull, and examine all,
Perhaps we may attach the murderer.

Watch. Nay I assure yee Maister Constable, those stew-houses
are places of much slaughter and redemption, and many cruell deeds
of equitie and wickednesse are committed there, for diuers good
men loose both their money and their computation by them, I ab-
iure yee; how say you neighbour *Prichall*?

Cob. Neighbour *Capcase*, I know you're a man of courage, and
for the merrie Cobler of *Limestreete*, tho I sit as lowe as Saint
Faithes, I can looke as high as *Paules*; I haue in my dayes walke



When you see me, you know me.

to the stewes as well as my neighbours, but if the mad wenches fall to murdering once, and cast men into the *Thames*, I haue done with them, ther's no dealing, if they carry fire in one hand, and water ith tother.

Constable. Well maisters wee are now plac't about the Kings
(business,

And I know ye all sufficient in the knowledge of it,
I need not to repeate your charge againe :
Good neighbours, vse your greatest care I pray,
And if vnrulely persons trouble yee,
Call and jle come : so syrs goodnight.

Exit Constable.

1 Watch. Godyegodnight and twentie sir, I warrant yee, yee need not reconcile to our charge, vor some on vs has discharged the place this forty yeare I am sure. Neighbours what thinke you best to bee done?

Cob. Every man according to his calling neighbour, if the enemy come, heere lies my towne of Garrison, I set on him as I set on a patch, if hee tread on this side, I vnderlay him on this side, or prick him through both sides, I yerke him, and tricke him, pare him and peece him, then hang him vp beth heeles till Sunday.

1 Wat. How say yee, by my faith neighbour *Prichall* yee speake to the purpose, for indeed neighbours, every sensible watch-man is to seeke the best reformation to his owne destruction.

2 Wat. But what thinke yee neighbours, if every man take a nap now, eth fore hand eth night, and goe to bed afterward.

Cob. That were not amisse neither, but and youle take but every man his pot first, youle sleepe like the man eth *Moone* yfaith.

2 Doe yee thinke neighbour, there is a man eth *Moone*?

1 Wat. I assure yee in a cleere day, I haue seente at midnight.

2 Wat. Of what occupation is he trow?

Cob. Some thinkes he's a shepheard, because ons dog, some saies he's a Baker going to heate his Oven with a bauen ats backe, but the plaine truth is, I thinke he was a cobbler, for yee know what the song sayes, I see a man eth *Moone*, sic man, sic, I see a man eth *Moone*, clowting *S. Peters* shoone, & so by this reason, he should be a cobbler.

1 Wat. By my fekings he saith true, alas, alas, goodman *Dormouse*

When you see me, you know me.

hath even giuen vp the gost already, tis an honest quiet soule I warrant yee.

Cob. It behoues vs all to be so, how do yce neighbour *Dormouse*?

Dor. Godspeed yee, godspeed yee, nay and ye goe a gods-name, I haue nothing to say to yee.

2 Lawe yee, his minds ons businelse, though he be nere so slepie.

Cob. Come lets all joyne with him and steale a nap, euery man my maisters to his severall stall.

2 Agreed, Godnight good neighbours.

Cob. Nay, lets take no leaue, jle but winke a while, and see you againe.

¶ Enter King, and Compton, with bills on his backe.

King. Come sir *William*,
Wee may now stand vpon our guard you see,
The watch has given vs leaue to Arme our selues:
They feare no daunger, for they sleepe secure;
Goe carrie those bills wee tooke to *Baynards Castle*,
And bid *Charles Brandon* to disquise himselfe,
And meet me presently at *Grace Church* corner,
Wee will attempt to passe through all the watches,
And so I rak't it will be an easie taske,
Therefore make hast.

Compt. I will my Liege.

King. The watch-word if I chanceto send to yee,
Is the great Stagge of *Baydon*, so my name shall bee.

Compt. Inough, weele thinke on it. *Exit.*

King. So, now weede forward, soft yonder's light,
I and a watch, and all asleepe burlady:
These are good peaceable Subiects, her's none
Beckens to any, all may passe in Peace: Ho sirrha.

Cob. Stand, who goes there?

King. A good fellow. Stands a hainous word ethe Kings high-way,
you haue beene at Noddie, I see.

Cob. I, and the first card comes to my hand's a knaue.

King. I am a Coatecard indeed.

Cob. Then thou must needs be a knaue, for thou art neither
King nor Queene, (I am sure) But whether goest thou?

King,

When you see me, you know me.

King. About a little businesse that I haue in hand.

Cob. Then good night, prethee trouble mee no longer.

King. Why this is ealie enough, her's passage at pleasure,
What wretch so wicked, would not giue faire words
After the foulest fact of Villanie?

That may escape vnseene so easily,
Or what should let him that is so resolu'd
To murder, rapine, theft, or sacriledge?

I see the Citie are rhe sleepe heads,
To do it, and passe thus examined,
Fond heedelesse men, what bootes it for a King,

To toyle himselve in his high state affaires,
To summon Parliaments, and call together
The wisest heads of all his Prouinces:

Making statutes for his Subiects peace.
That thus neglecting them, their woes increafe.

Well weele further on, soft heere comes one,
He stay and see, how he escapes the watch.

¶ Enter Blacke Will.

Black Will. So, now I am got within the Cittie, I am as safe as in
a Sanctuarie: it is a hard world, when *Black Will* for a venture of
five pound, must commit such pettie robberies at *Mile-end*, but the
plaine truth is, the Stewes from whence I had my quartaridge is now
growne too hote for me: ther's some suspicion of a murther lately
done vppon two Marchants of the *Stilliard*, which indeed as farre
as some five or sixe stabs comes too, I confesse I had a hand in. But
mumbudget, all the Dogges in the townemust not barke at it. I
must withdraw a while till the heate be ore, remooue my lodging,
and liue vpon darke nights and mistie Mornings. Now let me then
see, the strongest watch in London intercept my passage.

King. Such a fellow would I faine meet withall:
Well ouertaken sir.

Black Will. Sblood come before me sir:
What a Diuell art thou?

King. A man at least.

Black. And art thou valiant.

King.

When you see me, you know me.

King. I carry a sword and Buckler yee see.

Black. A sword and a buckler, and know not mee,
Not *Blacke Will*?

King. No trust mee.

Blacke Will. Slaue, then thou art neither Traueller, nor Purse-taker : for I tell thee, *Blacke Will* is knowne and feared through the se-
venteene Prouinces : ther's not a sword & buckler man in *England* nor
Europe, but has had a tast of my man-hood. I am tole-free in all Ci-
ties and the Subburbs about them : this is my Sconce, my Castle, my
Cittadell, and but *King Harry*, God blesse his Maiestie, I feare not
the proudest.

King. O yes, some of his guard.

Blacke Will. Let his guard eat beefe and be thankfull, giue mee a
man will couer himselfe with his buckler, and not booge and the di-
uel come.

King. Me thinks thou wert better liue at Court as *I doe*,
King Harry, loues a man, I can tell yee.

Blacke Will. Would thou and all the men hee keepes were hangd,
and ye loue not him then : but I will not change my reuenues for all
his guards wages.

King. Hast thou such store of living?

Blacke Will. Art thou a good fellow?

May I speake freely, and wilt not tell the *King* ont?

King. Keepe thine owne counsell, and feare not,
For of my faith the *King* shall know no more for me then thou telst
him.

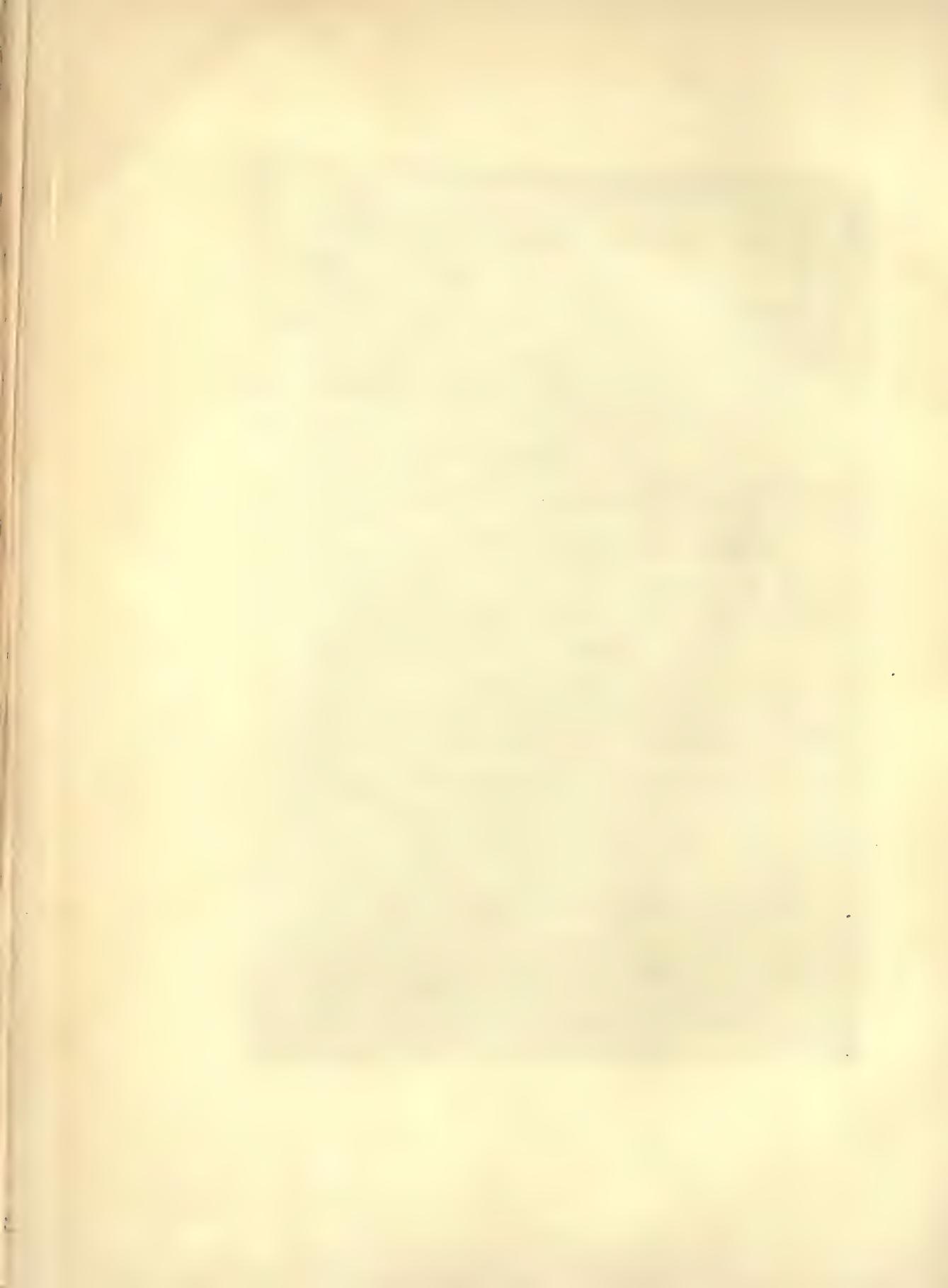
Will. And I tell him any thing let him hang me : but for thy selfe,
I thinke if a fat purse come ith way, thou wouldst not refuse it. Ther-
fore leaue the Court and sharke with me, I tell thee, I am chiefe
commaunder of all the Stewes, ther's not a whoore shifts a smocke,
but by my priuiledge, nor opens her shop before I haue my weekly
tribute : And to assure thee my valour carries credite with it, doe but
walke with mee through the streetes of *London*, and let mee see the
proudest watch distrube vs.

King. I shall be glad of your conduct sir.

Black. Follow me then, and I'll tell thee more.

1 Watch. Stand, who goes there?

Black. A good fellow : come close, regard them not.



When you see me, you know me.

2 *Watch*. How shall wee know thee to bee a good fellow?

Blacke Will. My names *Blacke Will*.

1 Oh, God giue yee goodnight, good Maister *Blacke William*.

am.
2 God boye sir, God boye,
I am glad we are so well rid on him.

Will. Law sir, you see heres egressse enough, (againe.
Now follow me, and you shall see weele haue regressse backe

1 *Watch*. Hoe comes there?

Cob. Come afore the Constable.

Will. What haue ye forgot me so soone? tis I.

2 *Watch*. O, tis Maister *Blacke William*.
God bleffe ye sir, God bleffe ye.

Black. How likst thou now?

King. Faith excellent : but prethe tell me, doest thou face
the world with thy man-hood, that thus they feare thee, or art
thou truly valiant?

Blacke Will. Stoothe, doest thou doubt of my man-hood,
Nay then defend your selfe, jle giue you a tryall presently, be-
take yee to your tooles sir, jle teach ye to stand vpon Interga-
rories.

King. I am for ye, ther's neere a man the King keepes shall
refuse ye : but tell mee, wilt thou keepe the Kings Acte for
fighting.

Black. As ye please sir, yet because th'art his man, jle ob-
serue it, and neither thrust nor strike beneath the knee.

King. I am pleasd, haue at you sir. *They fight.*

1 *Watch*. Helpe neighbours, O take yee to your browne
Billes, call vp the Constable, heres a peece of chance-meddle
ready to be committed : set on good-man *Sprichall*.

Cob. Ile ferke them a both sides, lye close neighbour *Dor-*
mouffe, keepe the kings peace, I charge ye, helpe M. Constable.

Enter the Constable.

Con. Keepe the peace or strike them downe.

Black. Sownes, I am hurt, hold I say.

2 *Watch*. Let them not passe neighbours, heres blood-shed
drawne vpon one of the Kings Officers.

Con. Take away their weapons, and since you are so hot,

When you see me, you know me.

He set you where you shall be coole enough.

Black Will. Sownes the Moones a wayning harlot, with the glimse of her light I lost his point, and mistooke my ward, had peere brocht my blood else.

Con. Pray sir what are you?

King. I am the Kings man sir, and of his guard.

Con. More shame you should so much forget your selfe,
For as I take, tis parcell of your oath,
As well to keepe his peace, as guard his person:
And if a Constable be not present by,
You may as well as he, his place supply:
And seeing yee so neglect your oath and dutie,
Goe bare them to the Counter presently,
There shall yee answer for these misdemeanors.

2 Has broake my head sir, and furthermore it bleeds.

Con. Away with them both, they shall pay thee well ere they come forth I warrant thee.

Will. I beseech yee sir.

King. Never intreat man, wee shall haue baile I doubt it not, But Maister Constable, I hope youle do me this fauour, to let one of your watchmen goe of an errand for me, if I pay him?

Con. With all my heart sir, heres one shall goe.

King. Hold thee good fellow, heres an Angell for thee, goe thy way to *Baynards Castle*, and aske for one *Brandon*, he serues the Duke of *Suffolke*, and tell him his bedfellow, or the great stadge of *Baydon*, this night is clapt eth Counter, and bid him come speake with me. Come Constable lets goe, sirrha make hast.

Exit.

Cob. I warrant you sir, and this be all, jdc haue done it for halfe the money: well, I must enquire for one *Brandon*, and tell him the great stag of *Baydon* is eth Counter, burlady I doubt they be both craftie knaues, and this is some watch-word betweene them: beth masse I doubt hee nere came well by his money, hees so liberall, well jle forward.

Enter

When you see me, you know me.

g Enter Brandon, and Compton.

Bran. Sir *William*, are you sure it was at *Grace-Church*
His Majestie appointed wee should meete him?
Wee have been there and mist him, what thinke ye *syre*?

Comp. Good faith I know not.

His Highnesse is too venterous bold, my Lord:
I know he will forsake himselfe in this,
Opposing still against a world of oddes.

Bran. Good faith tis true: but soft here comes one,
How now good-fellow, whether goest thou?

Cob. It lyes in my authoritie sir,
To aske you that question:

For I am one of the Kings watch, I can tell ye.

Comp. Then perhaps thou canst tell vs some tidings:
Didst thou not see a good lustie tall bigge set man, passe
through your watch to night?

Cob. Yes sir, there was such a man came to our watch to
night, but none that past through, for he behaued himselfe so,
that he was layd hold on quickly, and now he is forth coming
in the Counter.

Bran. And whether art thou going?

Cob. Faith sir, has giuen me an Angell, to do an errand for
him at *Baynards Castle*, to one *Brandon* that serues the Duke
of *Suffolke*: he sayes he is his Bed-fellow, and I must tell him,
the great stage of *Baydon*, is eth Counter.

Bran. If thine errand bee to *Brandon*, I can saue thee a la-
bour, for I am the man thou look'st for, we haue beene seeking
him almost all this night: hold thee theres an Angell for thy
newes, jle baile him I warrant thee.

Exit.

Cob. I thanke you sir: but hees not so soone bayld, as you
thinke for, ther's two of the Kings watch has there heads broke,
and that must be answered for, but alls won to mee, let them
shuffell as they will, the Angell has flowne about to night, and
two guls are light into my hands, and these jle keepe, let him
get out as he can.

Exit.

E 2

Enter

When you see me, you know me.

Enter the King in Prison.

King. Hoc, Porter, whose without there?

Porter. Whats the matter now? will yee not goe to bed to night?

King. No trust me, twill be morning presently,
And I haue hope I shall be bailde ere then:
I prethe if thou canst, entreate some of the prisoners to keepe
me companie a paire of houres, or so: and weele spend them
erthe rouse of healthes, and all shall be my cost.
Say, wilt thou pleasure me?

Port. If that will pleasure ye sir, ye shall not want for com-
pany, heres jnow that can tend it, they haue hunger and ease
enough at all times.

King. Theres a couple of Gentlemen in the next roome, I
prethe let them come in, and ther's an *Harrie* Soueraigne for
thee.

Port. I thanke you sir, I am as much beholding to you, as
to King *Harry* for it.

Exit.

King. I, I assure thee thou art:
Well *M.* Constable, you haue made the Counter:
This night, the Royall Court of *Englands* King:
And by my crowne I sweare, I would not for
A thousand pound t'ware otherwise.
The Officers in Citties, now I see,
Are like an Orchard set with seuerall Trees,
Where one must cherish one, rebuke the other:
And in this wretched Counters I perceiue,
Money playes fast and loose, purchaces fauour,
And without that, nought but miserie.
A poore Gentleman hath made complaint to me,
I am vndone (quoth hee) and kept in prison,
For one of your fellowes that serues the King,
Beejng bound for him, and he neglecting me,
Hath brought mee to this woe and miserie.
Another Citizen there is, complaines.

OF

Of one belonging to the *Cardinall*,
That in his Maisters name hath taken vp
Commodities, valued at a thousand pound,
The payment beeing deferd hath caus'd him breake,
And so is quite vndone. Thus Kings and Lords I see,
Are oft abus'd by seruants treacherie.
But whilst a while, heere comes my fellow Prisoners.

Enter the Prisoners.

1 Priſo. Wheres this Bullie *Grig*, this lad of life, that will
scowre the Counter with right renill to night? Oh Sir you are
welcome.

King. I thanke ye sir, nay weele bee as great as our word, I
allure yee. Heere Porter, ther's money, fetch wine I prethe:
Gentlemen you cannot bee merry in this melancholy place,
but heres a Lad has his heart as light as his Purse. Sirra, thou
art some mad slaue I thinke, a regular companion: won that
vsfe to walke a nights, or so. Art thou not?

1 Pri. Harke ethen care, thart a good fellow.

King. I am right borne I assure thee.

1 Pri. King *Harrie* was a man, and thou a woman:

Shall I teach thee some more?
And tell thee why thou art heere?

I went and set my limbe twigs, and I thinke

I got some hundred pound

By a crooked-measure at *Coombe-Parke*:

And now seejng there was watch layd,

And much search for suspicious persons:

I got won as honest as my selfe to arrest me,

By a contrary name, and lay me eth counter,

And heere I know thayle nere seeke me,

And so when the heats ore, I am at libertie,

And meane to spend my crownes lustilie:

How likst thou this my Bullie?

King. An excellent pollicie.

1 Pri. But mum, no words: vsfe it for your selfe, or so.

King. O syr, feare it not, be merry Gentlemen: Is not this

wine come yet? Gods me, forget our chiefe guest, wheres my
sword and buckler-man? wheres *Black Will*? how now man,
melancholy? let not a little wipe make vs enemies, clap hands,
and be friends.

Willi. My bloods vp still. (hands.

King. When tis at highest twill fall againe, come handes,

Black Will. Ile shake hands with thee, because thou carriest a
Sword and Buckler, yet thart not right Cauelere, thou knowst
not how to vse them, chaste a heauic arme.

King. I a good smart stroke.

Will. Thou cutst my head indeed, but twas no play, thou
layest open enough, I could haue entred at my pleasure.

King. Nay I haue stout guard I assure yee.

Will. Childish to a man of valour, when thou shouldst haue
borne thy Buckler heere, thou letst it fall to thy knee, thou ga-
vest mee a wipe, but twas meere chance: but had wee not been
parted, I had taught yee a little Schoole play I warrant yee.

Brandon Speakes wishin.

Bran. What hoe, porter: who keepes the gates there?

Port. Who-knocks so fast?

Enter Brandon and Compton hastily.

Comp. Stand by sirrah.

Port. Keepe backe I say, whither will ye presse amongst the
prisoners?

Bran. Sirrah to the Court, and we must in.

Port. Why sir, the Courts not kept eth Counter to day.

Bran. Yes when the King is there,
All happinesse betide our Soueraigne.

Will. Sownes King *Harry.*

Pri. Lord I beleech thee no.

Ommes. Wee all intreat your grace to pardon vs.

King. Stand vp good men: beshrew you *Brandon* for disco-
uering vs, we shall not spend our time so well this moneth: but
ther's no remedy now, the worst is this,

The Court good fellowes must be remoued the sooner,

Ye all are courtiers yet. Nay, nay, come forward.

Even now you know we were more familiar:

You see pollicies holds not alwaies currant,

When you see me, you know me.

I am found out, and so I thinke will you be:
Goe Porter let him be removed to *Newgate*,
This place I see is too secure for him:
Weele send you further word for his bestowing.

1 *Pri.* I beseech your grace.

King. Theres no grace in thee, nor none for thee:
Goe, away with him. *Exit Porter and Prisoner.*

Will. Sownes I shall to *Tyburne* presently.

King. Gentlemen, you that haue beene wrong'd by my ser-
uants and the *Cardinals*, shall giue me neerer notes of it,
Both what they are, and how much debt they owe yee:
Send your petitions to the Court to me,
And doubt not but you shall haue remedie:

Theres fortie Angels, drinke to King *Harries* health,
And thinke withall, much wrong Kings men may do:
The which their Maisters nere consent vnto.

2 *Pri.* God blesse your Majestie with happy life,
That thus respects your wofull subiects grieffe.

King. Wheres *Bluck Will*, nay come neerer man,
I came neerer you though yee mislikte my play.

Will. Beh Lord, your Matesties the best sword and buckler
man in *Europe*, yelye as close to your wards, carrie your point
as faire, that no Fencer comes neere ye for gallant. Fence-play.

King. Nay, now ye flatter me.

Will. Foregod yee broake my head most gallantly.

King. I but twas by chance yee know, but now your heads
broke, you looke for a plaster I am sure.

Will. And your grace will giue me leaue, Ile put it vpp and
goe my waies presently.

King. Nay soft sir, the keeper will deny ye that priuiledge,
Come hither sirrah, because yee shall know King *Harrie* loues
a man, and I perceiue ther's some mettall in thee, theres twen-
tie Angels for thee, marry it shall be to keepe yee in prison stil,
till we haue further vse for ye. If ye can breake through wate-
ches with eges and regres so valiantly, yee shall doot amongst
your countries enemies.

Will. The wars sweet King, tis my delight, my desire, my
chaire of state, create me but a rattord Corporall, and giue me
some

When you see me, you know me.

some preheminence over the vulgar hot-shots, and I beat them not forward to as braue attempts, and march my selfe jeh Vantguard, as ere carried against a Castle wall, breake my head in two places more, and consume me with the mouth of a double culuering, Ile liue and dye with thee sweet King.

King. Twill be your best course sir, goe take him in, When wee haue need of men, weele send for him.

Will. God bleise your Majestie, jle goe drinke to your health.

Exit.

King. Begone sir, keeper I thanke you for our lodging, Nay indeed, I doe, I know had ye known vs, it had bin better, Pray tell the Constable that brought vs hither, Wee thanke him, and commend his faithfull service. Gentlemen lets heare from you, and so God morrow, Keeper, theres for my fees, discharge the offices: And giue them charge that none discover vs, Till we are past the Cittie: in this disguise we came, Weele keepe vs still, and so depart againe.

Once more God morrow, you may now report, Your counter was one night King *Henries* court. Away and leauevs, *Brandon* what further newes?

Ex.

Bran. The old King of *France* is dead my Liege, And left your sister *Marie* a young widdow,

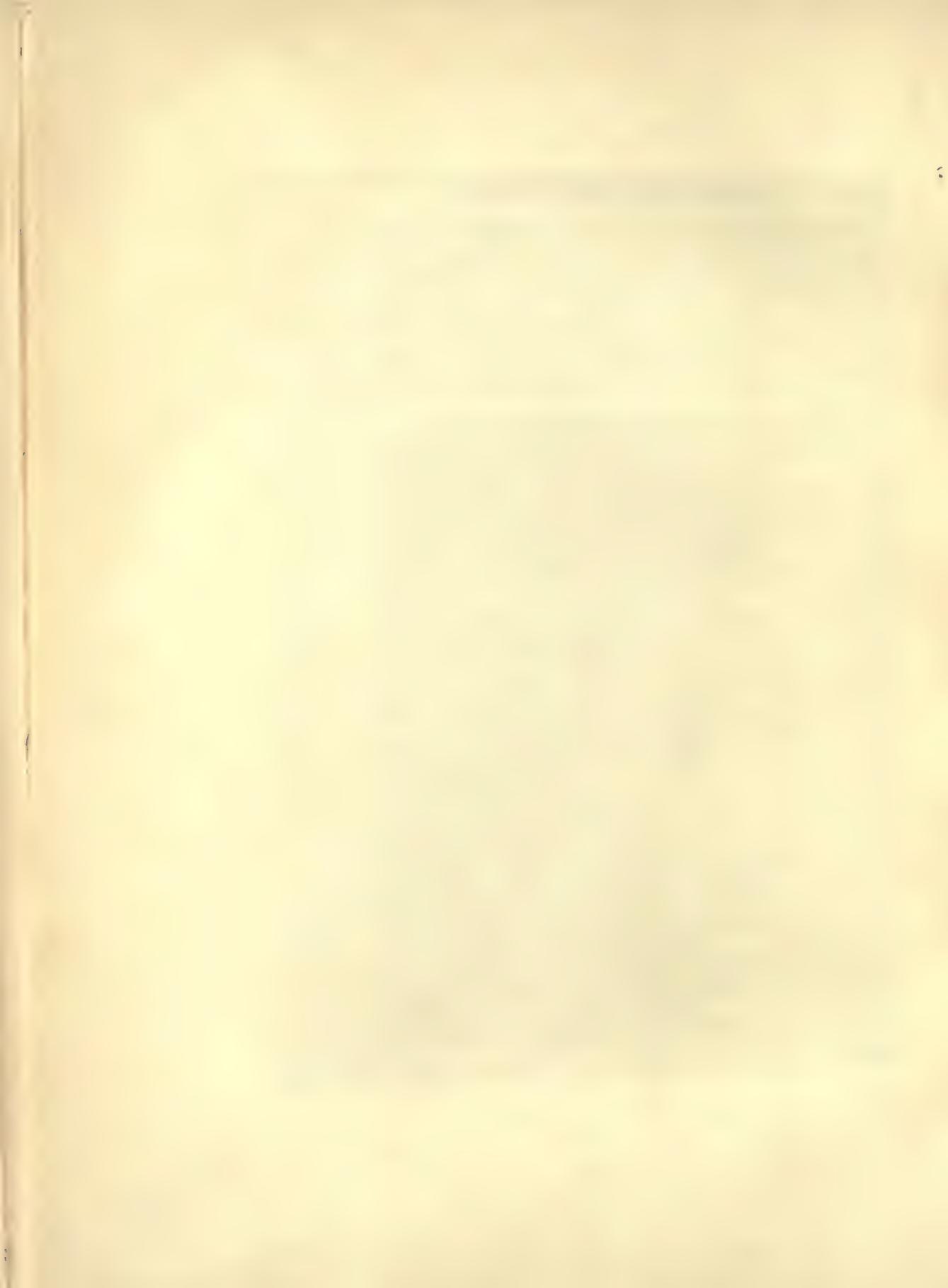
King. God forbid man, what not so soone I hope, She has not yet been married fortie daies: Is this newes certaine?

Bran. Most true my Lord.

King. Alas poore *Mary*, so soone a widdow, Before thy wedding robes be halfe worne out: Wee must then prepare black funerall garments too, Well, weele haue her home, the league is broake: And weele not trust her safety with the French.

Charles Brandon, you shall goe to *Fraunce* for her, See that your traine be richly furnished; And if the daring *French* braue thee in attempts Of honour, Barriers, Tilt, and Turnament: So to retaine her; bare thee like thy selfe, An *English* man, dreadlesse of the prowdest:

And



When you see me, you know me.

And highly scorning lowly hardinesse.

Bran. I shall my Sovereigne, and in her honour,
Ile cast a challenge through all the court:
And dare the proudest peere in *France* for her.

King. Commend me to the Ladie *Katherine Parry*,
Giue her this Ring, tell her on Sunday next
She Shall be Queene, and crownd at *Westminster*:
And *Anne of Cleane* shall be sent home againe:
Come sirs, wee leaue the cittie, and the counter now,
The day begins to breake, lets hie to court,
And once a quarter wee desire such sport.

Exit.

*Enter the Cardinall reading a letter, Bonner in his
Bishops Robes.*

Wool. My reverend Lord of *London*,
Our trustie friend, the King of *France* is dead,
And in his death, our hopes are hindred:
The Emperour too, mislikes his praifes,
But wee shall crosse him fort I doubt it not:
And tread vpon his pompe imperiall,
That thus hath wrongd the English Cardinall.

Bone. Your graces letters by *Campens* sent,
I doubt not but shall worke your full content.

Wool. I, that must be our safest way to worke,
Money will make vs men, when men stand out:
The Bastard *Fredericke* to attaine the place,
Hath made an offer to the *Cardinalls*,
Of threecore thousand pound, which we will pay,
Three times thrice double, ere we loose the day.

g Enter Will Summers and Patch.

Patch. Come cousen *William*, Ile bring yee to my Lord
Cardinall presently.

Will. I thanke yee cousen, and when you come to the court,
Ile bring you to the King againe, yee know cousen, hee gaue
yee

When Jhs came, Jhs and Jhs.

ye an angel.

Patch. I but he gave me such a blow oth eare for it, as I care not for coming jas fight againe while I live.

Willie. How now *Patch*, who have you got there? what *Will Summers*, welcome good *Willie*.

Will. I thanke your grace, I hard say your Lordshippe had made two new Lords here, and so the two old fooles are come to waite on them.

Ben. Wee thanke yee *Willie*.

Patch. Your Louing will be well guarded, & we follow ye, The Kings foole, and the Cardinals, and wee are no final fooles I assure yee.

Will. No indeed, my cousen *Patch*, here is something too square to beset on your shoe, marne and youde wite him on your shoulder, the foole shall nide yee.

Will. A shrewde foole *Benner*, come haiber *Willie*, I have a quarrell to you since our last ryming.

Will. About your faire Leman at *Cherlem* my Lord, I remember.

Ben. You speake plaine *Willie*.

Will. Yee never knew foole a flatterer I warrant yee.

Will. Well *Will*, jk trie your ryming wits once more, What say you to this?

The bells hang hie, and loud they crie, what do they speake?

Will. If you should die, theres none would crie, though your necke should breake.

Will. You are something bitter *Willie*: But come on, since more I am for yee. Ased in Seecle, a whip for a foole, is alwaies in season.

Will. A haiber and a rope, for him that would be Popay Against all right and reason.

Will. Hees too hard for me still, He give him over, come tell me *Will*, whats the news at court?

Will. Marry my Lord, they say the King shall be married this morning.

Will. Married *Will*, to whom I praye?

Will. Why to my Lade *Katharine Perry*, I was once by, when he was wooing on her, and then I doubted they would go

together shortly.

Wool. Holy Saint *Peter* sheeld his Maicstie,
She is the hope of *Luthers* heresie:
If she be Queene, the Protestants will swell,
And *Cranmer*, Tutor to the Prince of *Wales*,
Will boldly speake gainst *Romes* Religion,
But Bilhops weele to court jmmediately,
And plot the downefall of these *Lutherans*:
You two are Tutors to the Princes *Mary*,
Still ply her to the *Popes* obedience,
And make her hate the name of protestant:
I do suspect that *Latimer* and *Ridly*,
Chiefe teachers of the faire *Elizabeth*,
Are not sound Catholiques, nor friends to *Rome*,
If it be so, weele soone remooue them all:
Tis better they should die, then Thowfands fall.
Come follow vs, *Manit*, *VVill*, and *Patch*.

Exeunt omnes.

Will. Your Lords mad, till hee be at the wedding, twas marvell the King stole it so secretly and nere told him ont, but alls one, if he be married, let him play with his Queene to night: and then to morrow heele call for me, theres no foole toth wilfull still. What shall we do coufen?

Patch. Ile go get the key of the wine-seller, and thou and jle keepe a passage there to night.

VVill. Wee haue but a little wit betweene vs already coufen, and so we should haue none at all.

Pat. When our wits be gone, weele sleepe eth seller, and lie without our wits for one night.

VVill. Content, and then eth morning weele but wet them with an other cup more, and thaile shaue like a rasor all day after. Come close good cuzzes, let no bodie goe with vs, least they be drunke before vs, for fooles are jnnocents, and must be accessarie to no mans overthrow.

Exit.

When you see me, you shall see me.

Sound Trumpets.

Enter King, *Lucene Katherine*, Cardinal, *Seymer*, *Dudly*, *Gray*.
Enter *Compson*, crying *Hoboyes*.

King. Welcome *Queene Katherine*, seate thee by our side,
Thy light faire *Queene*, by vs thus dignified,
Earles, Barons, Knights, and Gentlemen,
Against yee all, wele be chiefe challenger,
To fight at Barriours, Tilt, and Turnament,
In honour of the faire *Queene Katherine*.

Quee. Wee thanke your highnesse, and beseech your grace,
Forbear such hazard of your Royall person,
Without such honors is your handmaid please,
Obediently to yeeld all loue and dutie,
That may beseeeme your sacred Maiestie.

King. God a mercie, but where are our children?
Prince Edward, *Mary*, and *Elizabeth*,
The Royall issue of three famous *Queenes*,
How haps we haue not seene them heere to day?

Dud. They all my Liege attend your Maiestie,
And your faire *Queene*, so within the presence heere.

King. Tis well, *Dudly* call *Cranmer* in,
Hee is chiefe Tutor to our Princely sonne,
For precepts that concernes diuinitie.

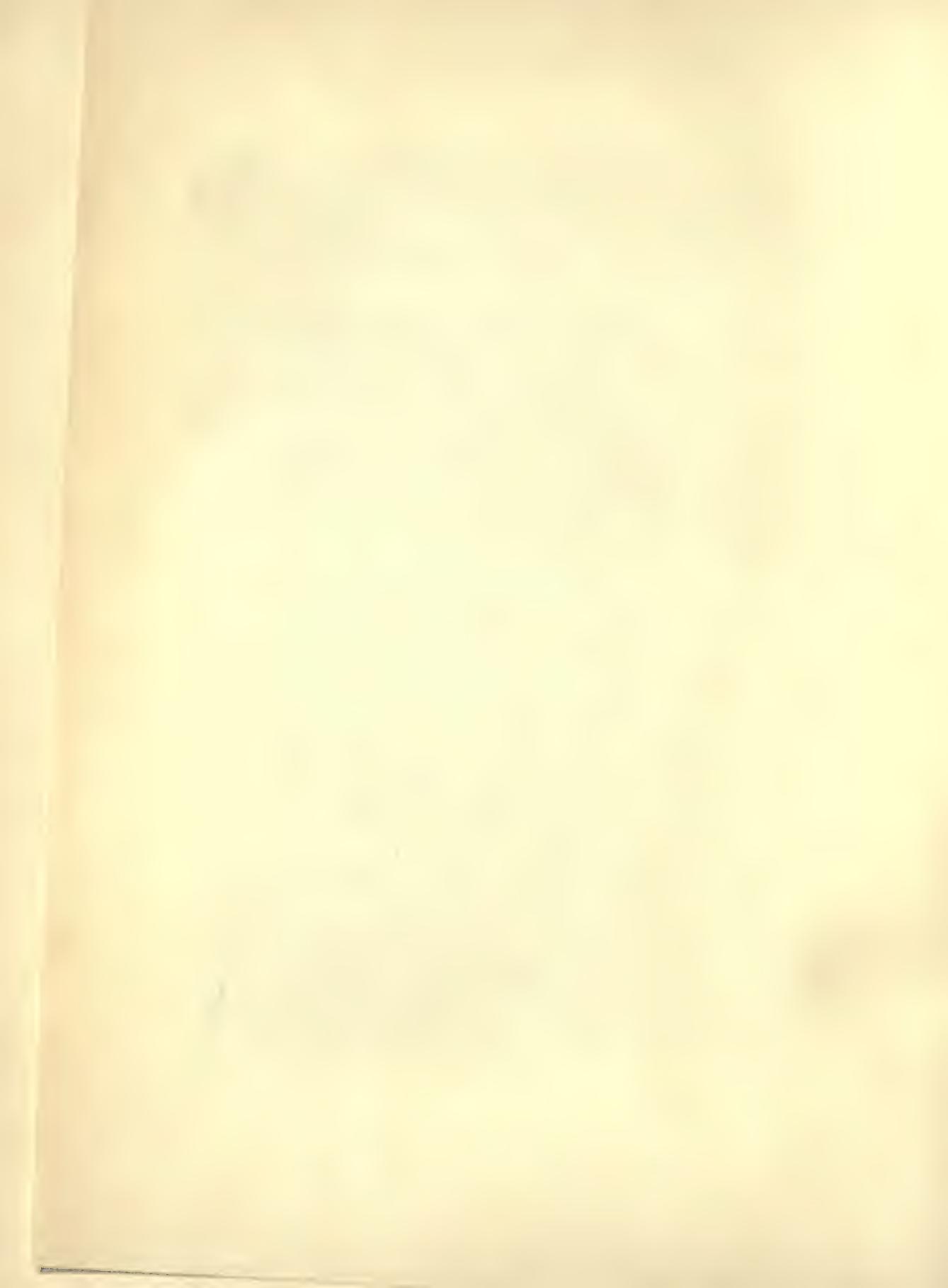
¶ Enter *Cranmer*.

And heere he comes, *Cranmer*, you must ply the Prince,
Let his wast houres be spent in getting Learning:
And let those linguists for choyce languages,
Be carefull for him in their best indeauours,
Bid *Doctor Tye*, ply him to Musicke hard,
Hees apt to Learne, therefore be diligent,
He may requite your loue when we are gone.

Cran. Our care and dutie shall be had my Lord.

King. Wee thanke yee.
Itell thoe *Cranmer* hee is all our hopes,
That what our age shall leaue vnfinished,
In his faire raigne shall be accomplished.

[The text in this block is extremely faint and illegible due to the low resolution and blurriness of the image. It appears to be a large block of text, possibly a list or a series of paragraphs, but no specific words or structures can be discerned.]



Goe and attend him, how now *Will Summers*, whats the newes with you?

g Enter Will Summers.

Will. I come to bid thee and thy new *Queene* Godmorrow. Looke to him *Kate* least he cozen thee, prouide ciuill Orengees enough, or heele haue a Lemman shortly.

Quee. Godamercie *Will*, thout tell me then, wilt thou not?
Will. I and watch him too, or let him nere trust me: but doest heare *Harrie*, because I de haue thee haue the poores prayers, I haue brought thee some petitions, the Fryers and Priests pray too, but I thinke tis as children say grace, more for fashion then devotion, therefore the poores prayers ought to be soonest heard, because they beg for Gods sake, therefore I prethee dispatch them.

King. Read them *Seymer*.

Seymer. The humble petition of the Lady *Seaton*, for her distreited sonne, that hath in his owne defence, vnhappily hath slaine a man.

King. The Lady *Seaton*, Gods holy Mother,
Her sonne has had our pardon twise already,
For two stout Subiects that his hand hath slaine.

William. And any had said so but thou *Harrie*, jde haue told him a lide, hee nere kild but one, thou kildst the tother: for and thou hadst hang'd him for the first, the two last had been aliue still.

King. The foole tels true, they wrong our Maiestie
That seeke our pardon for such crueltie:
Away with it.

Will. Giue me it againe, it shall nere be seene more I assure ye: and I had known tad come for that purpose, it should nere haue been brought for *Will* I warrant yee.

Seymer. This other comes from two poore prisoners eth counter.

King. Wee know the iustice then, come giue them me,
Lord Cardinall, heeres one is dedicated to you.
Hold, read it: whose there? *Compton* enquire for *Roskerby* a
Groome of the wardrope, and bring him Lither.

Comp. I will.

King. Cardinall, what find ye written there?

Woolsey. Mine owne discredit, and the vndoing of an honest citizen, by a false servant.

Will. Tis not your foole my Lord I warrant ye.

Wool. No *Will*?

Will. I thought so, I knewt was one of your knaues, for your fooles are harmelesse.

Quee. Welsted *Will*, thou louest thy maisters credit I know.

Will. I *Kate*, as well as any Courtier he keeps:

I had rather hee should haue the poores praiers, then the Popes.

Quee. Faith I am of thy mind *Will*, I thinke so too.

King. Take heed what yee say *Kate*, what a Lutheran?

Wool. Tis heresie faire *Queene*, to thinke such thoughts.

Queen. And much vncharitie to wrong the poore?

Will. Well, and when the Pope is at best, he is but *Saint Peters* deputie, but the poore, present *Christ*, and therefore should be somerhing better regarded.

King. Goe too foole.

Wool. Sirrha, youle be whipt for this.

Will. Would the King wood whip thee and all the Popes whelpes out of *England* once, for betweene yee, yee haue rackt and puld it so, we shall be all poore shortly, you haue had foure hundred threescore pound within this three yeare for smoake-pence, you haue smoakte it yfaith: dost heare *Harry*, next time they gather them, let them take the chimnies, and leaue the coyne behind them, wee haue claie enough to make bricke, though we want silver mines to make money.

King. Well *William* your tongue is priuiledgde.

Wool. But my good Liege, I feare theres shroder heads Although kept close, has set this foole a worke, Thus to exstirpe against his holinesse.

Will. Doe not you thinke so my Lord, nor stomacke no bodie about it: yee know what the old Prouerbe saies, therefore be patient, great quagrellers small credit winnes: When fooles set stooles, and wise men breake their shippes: therefore thinke not on it, for ile sit downe by thee *Kate* and
say

When you see me, you know me.
say nothing, for here comes one to be examined.

¶ Enter Compton and Rookesby.

King. O sir, you're welcome, is your name *Rookesbie*?

Rookes. Your poore servant is so calde my Lord.

King. Our servant we gesse ye by the cloath ye weare, but for your povertie tis doubtfull, your credit is so good. Lets see whats the mans name, ha! *Hopkins*, doe you know the man?

Rookes. *Hopkins*? No my Lord.

King. Had you neuer no dealings with such a man?

Rookes. No, if it like your Majestie.

King. No, if it like our Maiestie, saucie varler:

It likes not our Maiestie thou should say no;

It likes vs not, thou liest for that we know.

You know him not, but he to well knowes you,

And lies imprisoned slaue, for whats thy due.

Rookes. Sure some envious man hath misinformd.

King. Darst thou denie it still, out-facing knaue,
Mother a God, jle hang thee presently.

Sirra ye lie: and though ye weare the Kings cloath,

Yet we dare tell ye so before the King:

Slaue thou doest know him.

Hee here complaines he is vndone by thee,

And the kings man hath causde his miserie.

Yet youle out-face it still, denie, forswear, and lie sir, ha?

Will. Not a word more, if thou louest thy life, vnlesse thou'lt
confesse all, and speake faire.

Rookes. I do beseech your grace.

King. Out perjurde knaue, what doest thou serue the king,

And darst thou thus abuse our Majestie:

And wrong my Subjects by thy trecherie?

Thinkst thou false theefe, thou shalt be priuiledged

Because thart my man, to hurt my people:

Villaine, those that guard me, shall regard my honour:

Put off that coate of prooffe, that strong securitie:

Vnder which ye march like a halbertere,

Passing through purgatorie, and none dare strike:

A

When you see me, you know me.

A Seriants mace must not presume to touch
Your sacred shoulders with the Kings owne writ,
Gods deere Lady, does the cloth ye weare,
Such priuiledge and strong prevention beare.
Ha, ist *Rookesbie*?

Rookes. My Royall Lord.

g Enter a Messenger in hast.

King. Take that, and know your time to tell your
Message: Sirra, I am busie.

Will. So, ther's one seru'd : I thinke you would take two
more with all your heart, so you were well rid on him.

Rook. Your pardon good my Liege.

King. Ha, pardon thee : I tell thee did it touch thy life in
ought, more then mine owne displeasure, not the world should
purchase it, vilde Caitiffe: hadst thou neglected this thy duty
to our persons danger : Hadst thou thy selfe against me ought
attempted, I might be sooner wonne to pardon thee, then for
a Subjects hatefull iniurie.

Queene. Let me jntreat your Grace to pardon him.

King. Away *Kate*, speake not for him,
Out of my lenitie I let him liue,
Discharge him from my cloath and countenance,
To the Counter to redeeme his creditor,
Where he shall satisfe the vtmost mite
Of any debt, default or hinderance :
Ile keepe no man to blurre my credite so,
My cloath shall not pay what my servants owe.
Away with him. *Exit.*

Now my Lord *Cardinall*, speakes not your paper so?

Car. Yes my good Lord, your grace hath showne a patterne,
to draw soorth mine by, I assure your Highnesse,
The punishment inflicted on your man,
Is meant for my servants that beares such minds,
Their Maisters thus but serue them in their kinds.

King. Wheres this fellow now that brings this newes?

William. Hee is gone with a flea in his care : But has left his
Message



When you see me, you know me.

Message behind with my Lord *Dudley* here.

King. And whats the newes?

Dud. Duke *Brandon* my Liege.

King. Oh, hees returnde from *France*?

And who comes with him?

Dud. His Royall wife, my Lord.

King. Ha! royall wife: whose that?

Dud. Your highnesse sister, the late *Q.* of *France*.

King. Our sister *Queene* his wife: who gaue him her?

Gray. Tis sed they were married at *Douer*, my Liege.

King. Twere better he had nere seen the *Towne*.

Dares any Subiect mixe his blood with ours, without our leaue?

g Enter *Brandon* and *Mary*.

Dud. He comes himselfe my Liege, to answere it.

Bran. Health to my Sovereigne.

King. And our brother king, your message is before ye sir:
Off with his head.

Bran. I beseech your grace giue me leade.

King. Nay, you haue taken leaue, away with him, bid the
Captaine of our guard, conuay him to the *Tower*.

Bran. Heere me my Lord.

King. Audacious *Brandon*, thinkst thou excuse shall serue.

Lady Mary. Right gracious Lord.

King. Go too, your praers will scarce saue your selfe,

Durst ye contract your selfe without our knowledge?

Hence with that hare-braine Duke to the *Tower* I say,

And beare our carelesse sister to the *Fleete*:

I know sir, you broke a *Lance* for her,

And brauely did vnhorse the *Challengers*:

Yet was there no such prize set on her head,

That you without our leaue should marry her.

Queene. Oh my Lord, let me jntreat for them.

King. Tut *Kate*, though thus I seeme

A while to threaten them,

I meane not to disgrace my sister so:

G

Away

When you see me, you know me.

Away with them. What say ye Lords,
Is he not worthy of death for his misdeed?

Bon. & Gar. Vnlesse your Grace shall please to pardon him.

• *King.* He deserues it then?

Bon. & Gar. He does my Liege.

King. You are knaues and fooles, and ye flatter me:

Gods holy Mother, Ile not haue him hurt, for all your heads:

Deare *Brandon*, I embrace thee in mine armes:

Kind sister loue you both so well,

I cannot dart an other angie frowne.

To gaine a Kingdome: here take him *Mary*.

I hold thee happier in this English choyce,

Then to be Q. of *France*: *Charles*, loue her well.

And tell on *Brandon*, whats the newes in *France*,

Bran. The league is broke betwixt the Emperour

And the young King of *France*: Forces are mustring

On either part my Lord, for horse and foote.

Hot variance is expected speedily,

The Emperour is marching now to *Landersey*,

There to invade the townes of *Burgondie*.

King. God and *S. George*, weele meet his Majestie.

And strike a league of Christian amitie.

Lord Cardinall, you shall to *France* with speed,

And in our name salute the Emperour,

Weele giue direction for your Embassage.

The next faire wind, shall make vs *France* co. greet,

Where *Charles* the Emperour, and King shall meet.

Exit Omnes.

Enter Cranmer, Doctor Tye, and young Browne

meets them with the Princes cloake

and hat.

Cran. How now young *Browne*, what haue you there?

Browne. The Princes cloake and hat, my Lord.

Cran. Where is his Grace?

Browne. At Tennis, with the *Marquesse Dorset*.

Cran. You and the *Mar quesse*, draw the Princes mind

To

When you see me, you know me.

To follow pleasure, and neglect his booke,
For which the King blames vs. But credite me,
You shall be soundly paid immediately.

Bro. I pray ye good my Lord, ile goe call the Prince away.

Cran. Nay, Now ye shall not whose within there ho?

Servant. My Lord.

Bro. Goe beare this yongster to the Chappel streit,
And bid the Maister of the Children whippe him well:
The Prince will not learne sir, and you shall smart for it.

Bro. O good my L. ile make him ply his booke to morrow.

Cran. That shall not serue your turne, away I say, *Exit.*
So sir, this pollicie was well deuise: Since he was whipt thus
for the Princes faults,

His grace hath got more knowledge in a moneth,

Than he attaind in a yeere before,

For still the fearefull boy to saue his brecch,

Doth hourelly haunt him where so ere he goes.

Tye. Tis true my Lord, and now the Prince perceiues it,

As loath to see him punisht for his faults,

Plies it of purpose to redeeme the boy,

But pray my Lord, lets stand aside awhile,

And note the greeting twixt the Prince and him,

Cran. See where the boy comes & the Kings foole with him,
Lets not be seene, but list their conference.

VWill. Nay boy, and yee crie youle spoyle your eye-sight,
come, come trusse vppe your hose, you must hold fast your
wind, both before and behind, and blow your nose.

Browne. For what foole?

VWill. Why for the mote in thine eye, is there not won in't,
wherefore dost thou crie else?

Br. I prethe *VWill* go call the Prince from the Tenniscourt.

VWill. Dost thou crie for that? nay then I smell a Ratte, the
Prince has plaid the trewant to day, and his Tutors has drawne
blood of thy buttocks fort: why boy tis honourable to bee
whipt for a Prince.

Browne. I would he would either leaue the Tenniscourt and
plie his booke, or giue me leaue to be no Courtier.

VWill. I, for ile bee sworne thy brecch lies ith hassard a-
bout

When you see me, you know me.

bout it, but looke little Ned, yonder he comes.

*Enter the Prince, and the young Marquesse with
their Rackets, diuers attending.*

Marq. Some Rubbers for the Prince.

Servant. Heere my good Lord.

Prince. One take our Rackets, and reach me my Cloake;
By my faith Marques, you are too hard for me.

Mar. Your grace will say so, though ye over-match me.

Prin. Why how now *Branos*, whats the matter?

Bro. Your Grace loyters, and will not plie your booke, and
your Tutors has whipt me for it.

Prin. Alas poore Ned, I am sorrie for it, j'le take the more
paines, and jntreat my Tutors for thee: yet in troth, the lectors
they read me last night out of *Virgill* and *Ovid*, I am perfect in:
onelie I confesse I am something behind in my Greek Au-
thors.

Will. And for that speech, they haue declinde it vppon his
brecch.

Prin. And for my Logicke, thou shalt witness thy selfe I am
perfect: for now will I prooue, that though thou wert whipt
for me, yet this whipping was good for thee.

Mar. Ile hardly beleue you my Lord, though *Ramus* him-
selfe should prooue it: well, *Probe.*

Prince. Marke my Probleme.

Bona virga facit bonum puerum:

Bonum est, te esse bonum puerum:

Ergo bona virga, res bona est: And that's this, Ned.

A good rodde makes a good boy: 'tis good that thou
shouldst be a good boy: (*ergo*) therefore a good rod is
good.

Will. Nay berladie, the better the rodde is, it's the worse for
him; that's certaine: but do'st heare me, boy; since hee can
prooue a rodde to bee so good, let him tak't himselfe the next
time.

Prin. In truth, I pittie thee, and inwardly I feele the stripes
thou hast, and for thy sake, Ned, j'le plie my booke the faster;

When you see me, you know me

in the meane time, thou shalt not say, but the Prince of Wales will honourably reward thy seruice: come *Browne*, kneele downe.

Will. What, wilt thou Knight him, Ned?

Pri. I will; my father ha's knighted many a one, that neuer sheedde droppe of blood for him, but hee ha's often for mee.

Will. O braue ! he lookes like the myrrour of Knighthood alreadie.

Enter Compt. Cleere the presence, Gentlemen, the King is comming.

Prince. The King? gods me, reach me my booke: call my Tutors in: come *Browne*, ile confirme thy Knight-hood afore the King.

Enter the King.

Mar. Here be your Tutors, my Lord, and yonder the king comes.

Prin. Health to your Maieſtie.

King. Godamercie Ned; I, at your booke ſo hard, t'is well, t'is well; now Biſhop *Crammer*, and good doctor *Tye*, I was going to the gallorie, and to haue had your Scholler with me, but ſeeing you'r ſo buſie, ile not trouble him, come on *Will*, come, goe you along with mee, what make you among the Scollers heere?

Will. I come to learne my qui que quod to keepe mee from the rod: marre here's one was whipt in pudding time for he ha's gotten a Knight-hood about it: looke old *Harris*, doe's he not looke more furious then he was wont.

King. Who *Will*, young *Browne*, Gods Mary Mother his father is a gallant Knight, as any theſe ſouth parts of England holds.

Will. He cannot compare with his ſon tho, if he were right *Douſal delphebus*, or the verie Knight of the ſonne himſelfe, yet this Knight ſhall vnhorſe him.

King. When was he made a Knight *Will*.

Will. Marrie ith laſt action, I can aſſure you, there was hot fer-

When you see me, you know me

vice, and some on *him* came so neere him, they had like to smelt out: but when all was done, the poore gentleman was pitifullie wounded in the backe partes, as may appeare by the scarre, if his Knights hip would but vntruste there.

King. But who knighted him, *William?*

Will. Time did Ned here: and he has earned it too, for I am sure, this two yeere he has been lasht, for his learning.

King. Ha, how, come hither Ned, is this true?

Pr. It is, my Lord, and I hope your highness will confirme my deed.

King. Confirme it, Gods holy Mother, what shrode boies are these? *Crammer* and *Tye*, doe yee obserue the Prince, nowe by my Crowne young Ned thou hast honored me.

I like thy Kingly spirit that loues to see

Thy friends aduanc't to tipes of dignitie.

Young Knight come hither, what the Prince hath done

We here confirme, be still Sir *Edward Bromme*:

But heare ye Ned, now you haue made him Knight,

You must giue him some living, or else tis nothing.

Will. I by my troth, he is now but a Knight vnder *Forma papis*, for a Knight without living, is no better than an ordinarie Gallant.

King. Well, what will ye giue him *Ned*?

Prince. When I haue heard of something that may doe him good, I will intreate your Majestie for him, and itth meane time from mine owne allowance, Ile maintaine him.

King. Tis well said: but for your sake sonne *Edward*, wele provide for him; *Crammer*, see presentlie a Patent drawne, wherein wee will confirme to him from our Exchequer a Thousand Markes a yeere.

Bro. I thanke your Maiestie.

And as I am true Knight, Ile fight and die for ye.

Will. Now if your Tutors come to whipe ye, you may chuse whether youle vntruste byth order of armes.

King. Well *Ned*, see yee plie your learning, and lets haue no More Knights made in this Action, looke to him *Bromme*.

When you see me, you know me.

if hee loyter, his Tutors will haue you vp for t.

Browne. I hope my Lord, they dare not whip me now.

King. Berladie Sir, thats doubtfull.

Will. If they doe, hee shall make thee a Lord, and then they dare not.

King. Well *Cranmer* weeke leaue ye, when your pupyll has done his taske ye set him now, let him come and visitevs : on Gentlemen into the Gallerie.

Pri. Heaven keepe your Maieftie.
Gentlemen draw neere.

Exit.

Tye. God morrow to your Grace.

Pri. God morrow Tutors at noone, tis God even, is it not?

Cran. Wee saw not your grace to day.

Pr. Oye quippe me cunningly for my Trewantship, that I was not at my booke to day, but I haue thought of that yee read last night, I assure ye.

Cran. Wee doubt it not faire Prince : Lords, Gentlemen giue leaue.

Will. All voide the roome, theres but Schollers and Fooles.

Cran. Thope your excellence can answere me in that axiom of Philosophie, I prapounded to yee.

Prince. I promise ye Tutor, tis a Probleme to me, for the difference of your Authors opinions, makes me differ in mine owne : some say, *Omne animal est, aut homo, aut bestia*, that euerie living creature is, or man, or beast.

Will. Then a womans a beast, for shees no man.

Pr. Peace *William* youle be expuls't else : And againe some Authors affirme, that cuerie beast is foure-footed.

Will. Then a Fooles no beast, for he has but two.

Prim. Yet againe *Will.*

Will. Mum Ned, no words, jle be as still as a small bagpipe.

Cran. *Omne Animal est, aut homo, aut bestia* : And thus tis
proued.

When you see me, you know me.

prooued my Lord, *Omne Animal, est rationalis, vel irrationalis;*
homo est rationalis, Bestia irrationalis,

Ergo omne Animal homo est, vel Bestia:

Mongst all the creatures in this Vniuerse,
Or on the earth, or flying in the ayre,
Man onely reason hath, others onelie sence,
So what is onelie sensuall, is not man, but beast:
For man both sence and reason hath:

So everie creature, having one of these, is sure, or man or
beast: and though all beasts are not foure-footed.

Will. Thats certaine, a louse has sixe.

Cran. I beseech your grace.

Pr. Away *William.*

Will. Not a word more as I am *William.*

Cran. For many beasts haue wings seruing in stead of feet,
and some haue hornes, of which we thus esteeme, *Animal cor-*
nutum non habet dentes supremas, No horned beast hath teeth a-
boue the roose.

Will. Thats a lye, a Cuckold has.

Pr. Thrust the foole out of the presence there.

Will. Well, *Cedant arma togae,* The schollers shall haue the
fooles place. *Exit*

Pr. Well *Crammer,* you haue made me able to prooue a man
no beast, if hee prooue not himselfe so, weele now leaue this:
And now resolute me for Diuinitie, *Crammer* I loue yee, and I
lothe your Learning, speake and weele heare yee:
God giue ye truth that you may giue it the,
This Land ye know stands waivering in her Faith,
Betwixt the Papists and the Protestants,
You know we all must die, and this flesh
Part, with her part of immortallitie,
Tutor, I do beleue both Heaven and Hell:
Doe you know any third place for the soules abode,
Call'd Purgatorie, as some would haue me thinke,
For from my Sister *Marie* and her Tutors,
I haue oft receiued letters to that purpose:
I loue ye *Crammer,* and shall beleue what ere ye speake,
Therefore I charge ye tell the truth.

Cran.

Cran. How thinks you grace, is there a place of Purgatorie
or no?

Pr. Truly I thinke none, yet must I vrge to you whats laid
To me, this world you know hath been Fiue Thousand yeeres
Still encreasing, still decreasing, still replenish't,
How long it twill be, none knowes but hee that made it;
Wee all do call our selues gods children, yet sure some are not,
But thinke ye Tutor that the compasse of that heaven and hell
Is able to containe those soules so numberlesse,
That ever breathed since the first breath was given,
Without a *Tertium*, or a thrid place.

Cran. Who puts these doubts within your Graces head
Are like their owne beleefe, sliue, and vnregarded,
And is as easilie answered and confuted:

*Quod est infinitum, non habet finem,
Caelum est opus Dei, opus Dei est infinitum:
Ergo Caelum, est infinitum.*

That which is infinite hath no end at all,
For that eternitie, that everlasting essence,
That did concord heaven, earth, and hell to be,
Is of himseife all infinite, that heaven and hell are so,
His power, his workes, and words do witness it,
For what is infinite, hathi in it selfe no end,
Then must the heavens which is his glorious seat,
Be incomprehensible containing him,
Then what should need a thrid place to containe
A world of infinites so vast and maine.

Prince. I thanke ye *Cranmer*, and doe beleeuue ye.
What other proofes haue been maintain'd to me
Or shalbe, you shall know and ayd me in them:
Ynough for this time, who's there? Doctor *Tye*
Our Musicks Lecturer? pray draw neere: Indeed I take much
delight in ye.

Tye. In Musick may your Grace ever delight,
Though not in me, Musicke is fit for Kings,
And not for those knowes not the chime of strings.

Pri. Truly I loue it yet there are a sort
Seeming more pure than wise, that will vpbraid at it,

H

Calling

When you see me, you know me.

Calling it idle, vaine, and frivolous.

Tyr. Your Grace hath said, indeed they do vpbraid
That tearme it so, and those that doe are such
As in themselues no happy concords hold,
All Musicke jars with them, but sounds of good,
But would your grace a while be patient,
In Musicks praise, thus will I better it.

Musicke is heavenly, for in Heaven is Musicke,
For there the Seraphins doe sing continually,
And when the best was borne, that ever was man,
A Quire of Angels sang for joy of it,
What of Celestiall was reueald to man,
Was much of Musicke, tis sayd the beasts did worship,
And sang before the Deitie supernall,
The kingly Prophet sang before the Arke,
And with his Musicke charmd the heart of *Saul*,
And if the Poet fayle vs not my Lord,
The dulcet tongue of Musicke made the stones
To mooue, irrationall beast, and birds to daunce,
And last, the Trumpets Musicke shall awake the dead,
And cloath their naked bones in cotes of flesh,
T'appeare in that high house of Parliament,
When those that gnash their Teeth at Musicke sound,
Shall make that place where Musicke nere was found.

Pr. Thou giuest it perfect life, skillfull Doctor
I thank thee for the honour'd praise thou giuest it,
I pray thee lets heare it too. *(tun'd instruments.)*

Tyr. Tis ready for your Grace, giue breath to your loud
Loud Musicke.

Pr. Tis well, me thinks in this sound I prooue a compleat
age,
As Musicke, So is man govern'd by stops,
Aw'd by diuiding notes, sometimes aloft,
Sometime below, and when he hath attain'd,
His high and loftie pitch, breathed his sharpest and most
Shrillest ayre, yet at length tis gone,
And falls downe flat to his conclusion, *(Soft Musicke.)*
Another sweetnesse, and harmonious sound,

When you see me, you know me.

A milder straine, another kind agreement,
Yet mong' st these many strings, be one vntun'd
Or jarreth low, or higher than his course,
Not keeping steddie meane among' st the rest,
Corrupts them all, so doth bad men the best.

Tye. Inough, Let voyces now delight his princely care.

A Song.

Pr. Doctor, I thanke you and commend your cunning,
I oft haue heard my Father merrily speake,
In your high praise, and thus his Highnesse saith,
England, one God, one truth, one Doctor hath
For Musicks Art, and that is Doctor *Tye*,
Admir'd for skill in Musickes harmonie.

Tye. Your Grace doth honor me with kind acceptance,
Yet one thing more, I doe beseech your Excellence
To daine, to Patronize this homely worke,
Which I vnto your grace haue dedicate.

Pr. What is the Title?

Tye. The Acts of the holy Apostles turn'd into verse,
Which I haue set in severall parts to sing,
Worthy Acts, and worthily in you remembered.

P. Ile peruse them, and satisfie your paines,
And haue them sung within my fathers Chappell:
I thanke ye both. Now Ile craue leaue awhile
To be a little idle: pray let our lingguistes,
French and Italians, to morrow morne be ready,
I must conferre with them, or I shall leese
My little practise, so God-den good Tutors.

Exit.

Cran. Health to your Highnesse, God jncrease your daies:
The hope of *England*, and of learnings praise.

Enter Bonner and Gardiner reading.

Bon. What haue ye heere my Lord of Winchester?

Gard. Hereticall and damned heresies,
Precepts that *Crammers* wisdome taught the Prince,
The Pope and wee are held as heretickes,
What thinkst thou *Bonner* of this wavering age?

Bon. As Sea-men do of stormes, yet hope for faire weather,
Berlady *Gardiner* we must looke about,

When you see me, you know me.

The Protestants begin to gather head,
Luther hath sowne well, and *Englands* grownd
Is fatte and fertile to jncrease his seed,
Heres loftie plants, what, *Bishops* and *prelats*,
I nobility temporall, but we shall temper all
At the returne of our high *Cardinall*.

Gard. *Bonner* tis true, but in meane time we must
Prevent this ranckor that now swels so big,
That it must out, or breake, they haue a dangerous head,
And much I feare.

Bon. What not the King I hope?

Gard. Tis doubtfull hee will bend, but sure
Queene Katherine a strong *Lutheran*, hard ye not
How in presence of the King and *Cardinall*,
She did exstirpe against his holinesse.

Bon. But had our English *Cardinall* once attaind,
The high possession of *Saint Peters* Chaire,
Heed barre some tongues that now haue scope too much,
Tis hee must doo't *Gardiner*, 'tis a perilous thing,
Queene Katherine can do much with *Englands* King.

Gard. I *Bonner*, thats the summe of all,
There must be no *Queene*, or the *Abbies* fall.

Bon. See where she comes with the Kings Sister,
And from the Princes lodging, lets salute her.

Gard. God morrow to your *Maiestie*.

Queene. God morrow to my reverent Lords of London and
of *Winchester*, saw ye the King to day?

Bon. His Highnesse was not yet abroad this Morning,
But heere wee will attend his excellence.

Quee. Come sister weele go see his *Maiestie*.

La. Ma. We will attend yee *Maddam*.

Queen. Gentlemen set forward, God morrow Lords.

Gard. Ill morrow must it be to you or vs,
Conspirators gainst men religious,

Bonner, these *Lutherans* do conspire I see,
And scoffe the *Pope* and his supremacie:

Bon. Lets strike in time then, and jncense the King,
And sodainely their states to ruine bring:

When you see me, you know me.

The Trumpets sounds, it seemes the Queene is comming,
Weele watch and take advantage cunningly.

*Enter the King, Queene, Lady Mary, Brandon, Seymer
Gray, and Dudley.*

King. Wheres *Brandon*?

Bran. My Liedge.

King. Come hether *Kate*.

Bran. Did your Grace call?

King. Ile speake we anon, Ile speake we anon : Come *Kate*
lets walke a little, whose there? my Lords of London and of
Winchester, welcome, welcome : by this your Maister the
Cardinall I troe, has parted with the Emperour, and set a league
betweene the *French* and him; Mother of God,
I would our selfe in person had bene there,
But *Wolseys* dilligence we need not feare,
Ha, thinke yee he will not.

Gard. No doubt he will my Lord.

King. I *Gardner* twill be his best pollicie,
Their friendship must advance his dignitie.
If ere he get the Papall governance.

Dud. And that will never be I hope.

Seymer. Twere pittie it should.

Gray. Hee's proud enough already.

King. Haw, whats that yee talke there.

Bran. They say my Lord hee's gone with such a traine,
As if he should be elected presently.

King. Fore-god tis a gallant Priest, come hether *Charles*, pri-
thee let me leane a thy shoulder, by *Saint George*, *Kate* I grow
stiffe me thinks.

Quee. Wilt please your highnesse sit and rest your selfe?

King. No, no *Kate*, Ile walke still, *Brandon* shall stay mine
arme, jme fat and pursie, and twill get me a stomach; Sawst the
Prince to day *Kate*?

Quee. I my good Lord.

King. God blesse him, and make him fortunate, I tell yee
Lords, the hope that *England* hath, is now in him, fore-god I
thinke old *Harry* must leave yee shortly; well, Gods will bee

When you see me, you know me.

done, heerle be old shuffling then, ha will there not; well, you say nothing, pray God there be not, I like not this difference in religion I, Gods deere Lady, and I liue but seven yeeres longer, weele take order throughly.

Bon. We heare that *Luther* out of Germanie Hath writ a booke vnto your Maiestie, Wherein he much repents his former deeds, Craving your Highnesse pardon, and withall, Submits himselfe vnto your Graces pleasure.

King. *Bonder* tis true, and we haue answered it, Blaming at first his haughtie insolence, And now his lightnesse and inconstancie, That writ he knew not what so childishly.

Gar. Much bloodshed there is now in Germanie, About this difference in religion, With Lutherans, Arians, and Anabaptists, As halfe the Province of *Heluetia*, Is with their tumults almost quite destroyde.

Quee. Me thinks twere well my Royall Soueraigne, Your Grace, the Emperour, and the Christian Kings, Would call a Counsaile and peruse the bookes, That *Luther* writ against the Catholiques, And superstitions against the Church of *Rome*, And if they teach a truer way to heaven, Agreeing with the Hebrew Testament, Why should they not be read and followed?

King. Thou saist well *Kate*, so they agree with the scriptures, I thinke tis lawfull to peruse and read them, speake Bishops?

Gar. Most vnlawfull my deere Soueraigne, Vnlesse permitted by his Holinesse.

Qu. How prooue ye that my Lord?

King. Well fed *Kate*, to them againe good wench, Lordes giue vs leaue a while, auido the presence there, we'll heare the Bishops and my Queene dispute.

Quee. I am a weake Scholler my Lord, But on condition that your highnesse, nor these reverent Lords, Will take no acceptions at my womans wit, I am content to hold them Argument:

And

And first with reuerence to his Maiestie:
Pray tell me, Why would you make the King beleue,
His Highnesse and the people vnder him,
Are tied so strictly to obay the Pope?

Bon. Because faire Queene he is Gods Deputie.

Quee. So are all Kings; and God himselte commande
The King to rule, and people to obay,
And both to loue and honour him:

But you that are sworne seruants vnto *Rome*,
How are ye faithfull Subiects to the King,
When first ye serue the Pope, then after him?

Gar. Madame these are that sectes of Lutherans,
That makes your highnesse so mistake the Scriptures;
Your slender Arguments thus answered
Before the King, God must be worshipped.

Quee. Tis true, but pray ye answer this:
Suppose, the King by Proclamation,
Commaunded you, and every of his Subiects,
On paine of death, and forfeit of his goods,
To spurne against the Popes authoritie:
Ye know the Scripture binds ye to obay him,
But this I thinke, if that his Grace did so,
Your slight obedience all the world should know.

King. Gods-mother *Kate.* thoust toucht them there,
What lay yee to that *Bonner*?

Bon. Were it to any but her Maiestie,
These questions were confuted easily.

Quee. Pray tell the King then, what Scripture haue yee,
To teach religion in an vnknowne language?
Instruct the ignorant to kneele to Saints,
By Bare-foote pilgrimage to visite shrines,
For money to release from Purgatorie,
The vildest villaine, theefe, or murderer,
All this the people must beleue you can,
Such is the dregs of *Romes* religion.

Gar. I, those are the speeches of those Hereticks,
Cramer, *Ridley*, and blunt *Latimer*,
That dayly raile against his holinesse,

Filling

When you see me, you know me

Filling the Land with hatefull heresies.

Quee. Nay be not angry nor mistake them Lords,
What they haue said or done, was mildly followed,
As by their Articles are evident.

King. Where are those Articles *Kate*?

Quee. Ile go and fetch them to your Maiestie,
And pray your highnesse view them gratioufly.

Exit. Queene.

King. Go fetch them *Kate*: a firra, we haue women doctors,
Now I see, Mother a God, here's a fine world the whileste,
That twixt so many mens opinions,
The holy Scriptures must be banded thus.

Gard. God graunt it breed no farther detriment,
Vnto your Crowne and sacred dignitie:
They that would alter thus religion,
I feare they scarcely loue your Royall person.

King. Ha! take heed what you say *Gardner*.

Gard. My loue and duty to your Maiestie,
Bids me be bold to speake my conscience,
Vnlesse your safetie and your life they hate,
Why should they dayly thus disturbe the state.
To smooth the face of false rebellion,
Proud traytors will pretend religion.
For vnder colour of reformation
They start followers of *Wickliffes* doctrine,
In the first *Henries* dayes arise in armes:
And had not dilligent care prevented them,
Their powers had sodainely surpris'd the King,
And good my Liege who knowes their proud intent,
That thus rebell against your gouernment.

King. Shrode proofes be lady and by Saint *Peter*,
I swear we will not trust their gentlenesse,
Speake *Gardner* and resolute vs speedily,
Whose the ring-leader of this lustie crew?

Bon. Vnlesse your highnesse please to pardon vs,
We dare not speake nor vrge your Maiestie.

King. Wee pardon what yee speake, resolute vs speedily.

Gard.

When you see me, you know me.

Gard. Then if your Royall person will be safe,
Your life preferd and this faire Realme in peace,
And all these troubles smoothly pacified,
The Queene deere Lord must be remooued from you.

King. Haw, the Queene, bold Sir advise ye well,
Take heed ye do not wrong her loyalty.

Gard. See heere my Liege are proofes too manifest,
Her highnesse with a sect of Lutherans,
Haue priuate meetings, secret conventicles,
To wrest the grounds of all religion:
Seeking by tumults to subvert the state,
The which without your Maiesties consent,
Is treason capitall against the Crowne.

Bon. And seeing without the knowledge of your grace,
They dare attempt these daungerous stratagems,
Tis to be fearde which heauen wee pray prevent,
They do conspire against your sacred life.

Gard. Why else, should all these priuate meetings bee,
without the knowledge of your Maiestie?

King. Mother a God these proofes are probable,
And strong presumptions doe confirme your words,
within there, ho?

g Enter Compton.

Comp. My Lord:

King. Sir *William Compton* see the doores made fast,
Dubble our guard, let none come neere our person,
Summon the Counsell to conferre with vs,
Bid them attend vs in the privy chamber,

Comp. Heere is a letter for your maiestie
From *Martyn Luther* out of Germany.

King. Damnd *Scysmaticke* still will hee trouble vs,
With bookes and letters, leaue it and be gone.

Exit Compton.

The villaine thinks to smooth his treachery,
By fawning speeches to our Maiestie,
But by my *George* Lord Bishops if I liue,

When you see me, you know me

He roote his favorites from Englands bounds
What writes his worship?

Gard. Now *Bonner* stir, the game is set a foot,
The King is now incens'd, lets follow close
To haue *Queene Katherine* shorter by a head,
These hereties will cease when shee is dead.

King. Holy *Saint Peter* what a knaue is this,
Ere while he writ submissiuely to vs,

And now againe repents his humble nesse,
Bishops it seemes being toucht with our reply
He wrights thus bolalik to our Maiestie,

Gardner looke heere he was deceaued he saies
When he thought to find *John Baptist* in the
Courts of Princes, or resident with those that are
Cloathed in purple, Mother a God, ist not a dangerous knaue.

Gard. False *Luther* knaues he has great friends in England:
Else durst he not thus moue your Maiestie.

King. Weele cut his friends off, ere they grow too strong
And sweepe these vipers from our state ere long,
No maruell though *Queene Katherine* pleade for him,
That is I see the greatest *Lutherin*,

How is your counsels we proceed in these?

Bon. Twere best your grace did send her to the Tower,
Before they further do conferre with her.

King. Let it be so, go get a warrant drawne,
And with a strong guard beare her to the Tower.
Our hand shall signe your large Commission,
Let *Cranmer* from the Prince be straight remooued,
And come not neere the Court on paine of death,
Mother a God, shall I be basseld thus,
By traitors, rebels, and false heretickes:
Get Articles for her arraignment readie,
If she of treason be conuict, I sweare,
Her head goes off, were the my Kingdomes heire.

Sound. Exit.

Enter the Prince, Cranmer, Tye, and the yound Lords.

Prince. Cranmer.

Enter.

Cran. My Lord.
Pr. Where is *Francisco* our Italian Tutor:
Cran. He does attend your Grace without my Lord.
Pr. Tell him anon we will conferre with him,
 Wee pleie our learning *Browne* least you be beaten.
 We will not haue your Knighthood so disgraft.
Brow. I thanke ye good my Lord,
 And your Grace would but a little pleie your learning,
 I warrant yee Ile keepe my Knighthood from breeching.
Prin. Faith *Ned* I will: how, now what letter's that?
1 Seruant. From your Graces sister the Lady *Mary*.
Prin. Come giue it me, we geisse at the contents.
Crammer, my sister oft hath writ to me,
 That you and Bishop *Bonner* might conferre,
 About these points of new religion,
 Tell me Tutor will yee dispute with him.
Cran. Withall my heart my Lord, and with the King.
 Would daine to heare our disputation.
Prin. What hast thou there?
2 Ser. A letter from your Royall sister, young *Elizabeth*.
Prin. Another letter are we open this,
 Well we will view them both immediately,
 I pray yee attend vs in the next Chamber,
 And Tutors if I call ye not before,
 Giue me some notice, if the King my Father
 Bewalkt abroad, I must go visite him.
Tye. We will faire Prince.
Prin. What sayes my sister *Mary*? she is eldest,
 And by due course must first be answered;
¶ The blessed Mother of thy redeemer, with all the Angels and holy
Saints be intermisser; to preserve thee of Idolatrie, to inuocate the
Saints for helpe.
 Alas good Sister, still in this opinion,
 These are thy blinded Tutors, *Bonner, Gardner,*
 That wrong thy thoughts with foolish heresies,
 Ile read no farther; to him will *Edward* pray
 For preseruation, that can himselfe preserue me,
 Without the helpe of Saint or ceremonie.

What writes *Elizabeth*, sweet sister thou hast my heart;
And of Prince Edwards loue hast greatest part.

*Sweete Prince, I salute thee with a Sisters loue,
Be stedfast in thy faith, and let thy prayers
Be dedicate to God onely, for tis hee alone
Can strengthen thee, and confound thine enemies,
Giue a sealed assurance of thy hopes in heauen,
God strengthen thee in all temptations,
And giue thee grace to banne Idolatrie,
Heauen send thee life to inherite thy election,
To God I commend thee, who still I pray preferre thee.*

Thy loving Sister Elizabeth.

Loving thou art, and of me best beloved.

Thy lines shalbe my contemplations cures.

And in thy vertues will I meditate,

To Christ Ile onely pray for me and thee:

Enter Crammer.

This I embrace, away Idolatrie,

How now *Crammer*, where's the King?

Cran. Confering with his counsell gracious Prince,

There is some earnest businesse troubles him:

The Guards are doubled, and commandment giuen,

That none be suffered to come neere the presence,

God keepe his Maiestie from traitors hands.

Pr. Amen good *Crammer*, what should disturbe him thus?

Is Cardinall *Wolsey* yet returnd from France?

Tye. I my good Lord, and this day comes to court.

Prince. Perhaps this hattie businesse of the King,

Is touching *Wolsey*, and his Embassage.

Cran. Pray God it be no worse my Lord.

En. Compton.

Tye. Heere comes Sir *William Compton*, from his highnesse.

Comp. Health to your excellencie.

Pr. What newes sir *William*?

Comp. The King expects your Graces companie,

And wils your highnesse to come and speake with him.

And Doctor *Crammer*, from his maiestie,

I charge ye speedily to leaue the Court.

And

And.

It was my hap to bring this heauie message.
And come not neere the Prince on paine of death,
Without direction from the King and Peeres.

Cran. Sir I obay yee, God so deale with me,
As I haue wisht vnto his Maiestie.

Prin. *Crammer* banisht the Court, for what I pray?

Comp. I know not gracious Lord, pray pardon me,
Tis the Kings pleasure; and trust me I am sorry
It was my hap to bring this heauie message.

Cran. Nay good sir *William*, your message moues not me,
My service to his Royall maiestie

Was alwaies true and iust, so helpe me heauen:

Onely I pray your grace to moue the King,

That I may come to tryall speedily,

And if in ought I haue deserued death,

Let me not draw another minutes breath. *Exit Crammer.*

Comp. Will ye gomy Lord.

Pr. Not yet, we are not your prisoner, are we sir?

Comp. No my deere Lord.

Pri. Then goebefore, and we will follow yee,

Your worship will forget your selfe I see, *Enter Tye.*

My tutor thrust from court so sodainelie, this is strange.

Tye. The Queene my Lord is come to speake with you.

Enter the Queene.

Prin. Auoide the presence then, and conduct her in,
He speake with her, and after see the King.

Queena. Leauē vs alone I pray yee.

Prin. Your grace is welcome, how fares your Maiestie.

Quee. Neuer so ill deare Prince, for now I feare,

Even as a wretched caitiffe kild with care,

I am accuside of treason, and the King

Is now in counsell to dispose of me,

I know his frowne is death, and I shall die.

Prin. Who are your accusers?

Quee. I know not.

Prin. How know yee then his Grace is so incensd.

Quee. One of my Gentlemen passing by the presence,

Tooke vp this bill of accusation,

I

Wherein

Wherein twelue Articles are drawne against me,
It seemes my false accusers lost it there,
Heere they accuse me of conspiracie,
That I with *Cranmer, Latimer, and Ridley,*
Do seeke to raise rebellion in the state,
Alter Religion, and bring *Luther* in,
And to new government inforce the King,

Prin. Then thats the cause that *Cranmer* was remooued,
But did your highnesse ere confer with them?
As they haue heere accusde yee to the King.

Quee. Never, nor euer had I one such thought
As I haue hope in him my soule hath bought.

P. Then feare not gracious Maddam, Ile to the King,
And doubt not but Ile make your peace with him.

Quee. O pleade for me, tell him my soule is cleere,
Neuer did thought of treason harbor heere,
As I intended to his sacred life,
Sobe it to my soule or joy or greefe.

P. Stay heere till I returne, Ile mooue his Maiestie,
That you may answere your accusers presently. *Exit Prince.*

Quee. O I shall never come to speak with him,
The Lyon in his rage is not so sterne,
As Royall *Henrie* in his wrathfull spleene,
And they that haue accusde me to his grace,
Will worke such meanes I neare shall see his face,
Wretched *Queene Katherin*, would thou hadst beene
Kate Parre still, and not great *Englands* *Queene.* *En. Compt.*

Com. Heath to your Maiestie.

Quee. With me good *Compton* woe and miserie,
This giddie flattering world I hate and scoffe,
Ere long I know *Queene Katherins* head must off.
Came ye from the King?

Compt. I did faire *Queene*, and much sad tidings bring,
His grace in secret hath reueild to me
What is intended to your Maiestie,
Which in loue and duty to your highnesse,
Am come to tell ye and to counsell ye
The best I can in this extremitie.

Then

When you see me, you know me.

Then on my knees I dare intreat your grace,
Not to reueale what I shall say to you,
For then I am assur'd that death's my due.

Queen. I will not on my faith, good *Compton* speake,
That with thy sad reports my heart may breake.

Compt. Thus then at your faire feete my life I lay,
In hope to driue your highnesse cares away:
You are accus'de of high conspiracie
And treason gainst his Royall Maiestie,
So much they haue incens'd his excellencie,
That he hath granted firme commission
To attach your person and conuay ye hence,
Close prisoner to the Towre, Articles are drawne,
And time appointed for arrainement there.
Good Madame be aduis'de, by this I know,
The officers are sent to arret your person:
Prevent their Malice, hast ye to the King.
He vs such meanes that you shall speake with him,
There plead your jnnocēcie, I know his grace
Will heare ye mildly therefore delay not,
If you be taken ere you see the King,
I feare ye neuer more shall speake to him.

Quee. Oh *Compton* twixt thy loue and my sage feares,
I feele ten thousand sad vexations heere,
Leade on I pray, He be aduis'd by thee,
The King is angrie and the Queene must die.

Exit.

Enter Bonner and Gardner with the Commission.

Gard. Come *Bonner* now strike sure the yrons hott.
Vrge all thou canst, let nothing be forgot.
We haue the Kings hand heere to warrant vs,
Twas well the Cardinall came and so luckily,
Who vrgd, the state would oure be ruined,
If that Religion thus were altered,
Which made his highnesse with a fiery spleene,
Direct out warraunt for the Queene.

Bon. Twas excellent, that Queen once crethrowne,

To

When you see me, you know me.

To crop the lower shrubs let vs alone.

Gard. Those Articles of accusations,
We framd against her being lost by you,
Had like to ouerthrow our pollicy,
Had we not stoutly vrgd his maiestie.

Bon. Well well, what's now to be done.

Gard. A gard must be provided speedily,
To beare her prisoner, vnto London Tower,
And watch convenient place to arest her person.

Bon. Tush any place shall serue, for who dare contradict
His highnesse hand, even from his side weele hale her,
And beare her quickly, to her longest home,
Least we and ours by her to ruine come.

Gard. About it then, let them vntimely die,
That scorne the Pope and *Romes* supremacie.

Exeunt.

*Enter the King and Prince, the Guard
before them.*

King. Guard, watch the doores and let none come neere vs,
But such as are attendant on our person:
Mother a God tis time to sturre, I see,
When traitors creepe so neere our Maiestie:
Must English *Harry* walke with armed guards
Now in this old age, must I feare my life,
By hatefull treason of my Queene and wife.

Pri. I do beseech your Royall Maiestie,
To heere her speake ere ye condemne her thus.

King. Go too *Ned*, I charge ye speake not for her,
shes a dangerous traitor, how now, who knocks so loud there.

Gard. Tis *Cardinall Wolfe* my Lord.

King. And it be the Devill, tell him he comes not heere.
Bid him attend vs till our better leasure:

Come hither *Ned*, let me conferre with you.

Didst ever heare the disputation

Twixt *Cranmer* & the Queene about religion.

Prince. Never my Lord, I thinke they neuer yet,
At any time had speech concerning it.

King.

When you see me, you know me.

King. O thou art deceived *Ned*, It is too certaine, *knocke.*
Hoyday more knocking, knock yrons an his heeles,
And beare him hence what ere he be disturbe vs, who ist?

Guard. Sir *William Compton* my Liege.

King. Ist he, well let him in, Gods holy Mother, heer's a stur
indeed, *Compton* ye knocke too lowd for entrance heere.

You care not though the King bee neere so neere, say yee sir
haw.

Compt. I do beseech you pardon for my bouldnesse.

King. Well what's your busines.

Compt. The Queene my Lord intreats to speake with you,

King. Body a me, is she not rested yet.

Why doe they not conuay her to the Tower,

• We gaue commission to attach her presently.

Where is she?

Compt. At the doore my Soueraigne.

King. So neere our presence, keepe her out I charge ye.

Bend all your Holbeards points against the dore,

If she presume to enter strike her through,

Dare she presume againe to looke on vs.

Pr. Vpon my knees, I do beseech your highnesse
To heare her speake.

King. Vp *Ned*, stand vp I will not looke on her,

Mother a god stand close and guard it sure,

If she come in, ile hang ye all I sweare.

Pr. I doe beseech your Grace.

King. Sir boye no more, ile heere no more of her,

Proud slut, bould traitresse,, and forgetfull beast,

Yet dare she further mooue our patience.

Pri. Ile pawne my Princely word, right Royall Father,

She shall not speake a word to anger ye.

King. Will you pawne your word for her, mother a god

The Prince of *Wales* his word is warrant for a King,

And we will take it *Ned*, go call her in.

Enter Queene.

Sir *William* let the guard attend without,

Reach me a chaire all but the Prince depart.

How now, what do you weepe and kneele,

Dug your blacke soule the gylt of conscience feele,

When you see me, you know me.

Out, out, you are a traytor.

Quee. A traytor, O you all seeing powers,
Here witnesse to my Lord my loyalty!
A traitor. O then you are too mercifull,
If I haue treason in me, why rip you not
My vglie heart out with your weapons point,
O my good Lord, if it haue traitrous bloud,
It will be blacke, deform'd, and tenebrous,
If not, from it will spring a scarlet fountaine,
And spit defiance in their perjur'd throats
That haue accusde me to your Maiestie,
Making my state thus full of miserie.

Kin. Canst thou denie it?

Quee. Else should I wrongfullie accuse my selfe,
Of my deare Lord I do beseech your highnesse
To satisfie your wronged Queene in this,
Vpon what ground growes this suspicion,
Or who thus wrongfullie accuseth me,
Of cursed treason gainst your Maiestie?

Kin. Some probable effects my selfe can witnesse,
Others our faithfull subiects can testifie:
Haue you not oft maintained arguments,
Even to our face against religion:
Which joynd with other complots, show it selfe,
As it is gathered by our loyall subiects,
For treason Capitall against our person,
Gods holie mother youle remooue vs quickly,
And turne me out, old *Harrie* must away,
Now in mine age, lame and halfe bed-rid,
Or else youle keepe me fast ynough in prison,
Haw, mistris, these are no hatefull treasons these.

Quee. Heaven on my fore-head write my worst intent,
And let your hate against my life be bent,
If ever thought of jll against your Majestie,
Was harbord here, refuse me gracious God,
To your face my Liege, if to your face I speake it,
It manifests no complot, nor no treason,
Nor are they loyall that so injure me;

What

What I did speake, was as my womans wit,
To hold out Argument could compasse it,
My punie Schollership is held too weake
To maintaine proofes about religion,
Alas I did it but to wast the time,
Knowing as then your grace was weake and sicklie,
So to expell part of your paine and grieve:
And for my good intent they seeke my life,
O God, how am I wrong'd.

King. Ha, saist thou so, was it no otherwise.

Quee. What should I say, that you might credite me,
If I am false, heaven strike me sodainlie.

King. Bodie a mee, what everlasting knaues are these that
wrong thee thus, alas poore *Kate*, come stand vp, stand vp, wipe
thine eies, wipe thine eies, fore-god twas told me that thou wert
a traitor: I could hardlie thinke it, but that it was applide so hard
to me, Gods-mother *Kate* I feare my life I tell yee, *King Harrie*
would bee loath to die by treason now, that has bidde so many
brunts vnblemished, yet I confesse that now I growe stiffe, my
Legges faile mee first, but they stand furthiest from my heart,
and thats still sound, I thanke my God, giue me thy hand, come
kisse me *Kate*, so now jme friends againe, hurson knaues, craftie
varlets, make thee a traitor to old *Harries* life, well, well, jle meet
with some on them, Sfoote come sit on my knee *Kate*, Mother a
god he that sayes th'art false to me, by *Englands* crowne jle hang
him presently.

Quee. When I haue thought of jll against your state,
Let me be made the vildest reprobate.

King. Thats my good *Kate*, but bith marie God, *Queene*
Katherine you must thanke *Prince Edward* here,
For but for him th'adst gone toth *Tower* I swere.

Quee. I shall be ever thankfull to his Highnesse,
And pray for him and for your Maiestie.

King. Come *Kate* weell walke a while eth *Garden* heere, who
keepes the doore there?

Comp. My Lord.

King. Sir *William Compton*, here take my Ring,

Bid Doctor *Cramer* halt to Court againe,
Giue him that token of King *Henries* loue,
Discharge our guards, we feare no traitors hand,
Our state, beloved of all doth firmly stand:
Go *Compton*.

Comp. I goe my Lord.

King. Bid *Wolsey* hast him to our Royall presence,
Great *Charles* the mighty Romaine Emperour,
Our Nephew, and the hope of Chriltendome
To see his Vncle and the English Court ;
Wee'le entertaine him with imperiall port :
Come hither *Ned*.

g Enter *Bonner* and *Gardner* with
the Guard.

Gar. Fellowes, stay there, and when I call, come forward,
The service you pursue is for the King ;
Therefore I charge ye performe it boldlie,
We haue his hand and seale to warrant it.

Guard. Wee'le follow you with resolution sir,
The Church is on our side, what should we feare ?

Gar. See yonder, shees talking with his Maestie,
Thinke you wee may attempt to take her heere ?

Ben. Why should we not, haue we not firme commission
to attach her any where ? be bold, and feare not :
Fellowes come forward.

King. How now whats heere to doe ?

Quee. The Bishops it seemes my Lord would speake with
you.

King. With bills and holberds, well, tarrie there *Kate*,
Ile go my selfe, Now wherefore come you ?

Gard. As loyall Subiects to your state and person,
We come to apprehend that traiterous woman.

King. Yare a couple of drunken knaues and varlets,
Gods holy Mother she is more true and iust,
Then any Prelate that Subornes the Pope :
Thus to vsurpe vpon our government ?

Call.

Call you her traytor? y^e are lying beastes and false conspira-
tours.

Bon. Your Maiestie hath seene what proofes we had.

King. Heere you *Bonner*, you are a whorson coxcombe,
What proofes had ye, but treasons of your owne inventions?

Queene O my deare Lord, respect the reverent Bishops
Bonner and *Gardner* loues your Maiestie.

King. Alas poore *Kate*, thou think'st full little what they
come for;

Thou hast small reason to commend their loues,
That falsly haue accusde thy harmeles life.

Quee. O God, are these mine enemies?

Gard. We haue your highnesse hand to warrant it.

King. Lets see it then.

Gard. Tis heere my Liege.

King. So, now yee haue both my hand to contradict what
one hand did: and now our word againe shall serue as warrant
to beare you both as prisoners to the Fleete.

Where you shall answere this conspiracie.

You fellowes that came to attach the *Queene*,
Lay hands on them, and beare them to the Fleete.

Quee. O I beseech your highnesse on my knees,
Remit the doome of their imprisonment.

King. Stand vp good *Kate*, thou wrong'st thy Maiestie;
To plead for them that thus haue injurde thee.

Quee. I haue forgotten it, and do still intreate
Their humble pardons at your gracious feet.

King. Mother a God, what a foolish woman's this,
Well, for her sake we reuoke our doome,
But come not neere vs as you loue your liues:

Away and leaue vs, you are knaues and miscreants,
Whorson Caitifes, come to attach my *Queene*!

Quee. Vex not my Lord, it will distemper you.

g Enter *Brandon*.

King. Mother a God, Ile temper some on them for't
How now *Brandon*?

Bran. The Emperour my Lord,
King. Get a traine readie there, *Charles Brandon* come
Weele meet the Monarke of jmeriall *Rome*:
Go *Ned*, prepare your selfe to meet the Emperour,
Weele send you further notice of our pleasure.

¶ *Enter Cardinall and Will.*

Attend the Prince there : Welcome Lord Cardinall,
Hath not our tedious journey into *France*,
Disturbed your Graces health and reverent person?

Will. No, no, ne're feare him *Harry*, he haz got
More by the journey, heele be Pope shortly.

King. What *William*, how chance I haue not seene you to
day? I thought you would not haue beene the hiadmost man
to salute me.

Will. No more I am not *Harry*, for yonder is Patch behind
me, I could never get him before mee since thou conjurst him
j'th great Chamber, all the horses j'th towne cannot hawle him
into thy presence I warrant thee.

King. Will he not come in?

Will. Not for the world, he stands watching at the dore,
Hee'le not stirre while the Cardinall come,
Then the foole will follow him euerie where.

Wool. I thanke you *William*, I am beholding to you still.

Will. Na my Lord, I am more beholding vnto you, I thanke
your Foole for it, we haue ransakled your Winefellers since you
went into *France* : Doe you blush my Lord? na, thats nothing,
you haue Wine there is able to set a colour in any mans face I
warrant it.

King. Why *William*, is the Cardinals wine so good?

Will. Better then thine jle be sworne, jle take but twoo hand-
fulls of his Wine, and it shall fill foure Hogges-heads of thine,
(looke here else.)

Wool. *Mor dieu.*

Will. *Mor* divell, jst not? for without conjuring you could
never doe it : But I pray you my Lord call vppon *Mor dieu* no
longer, but speake plaine English, you haue deceiued the King

in

When you see me, you know me.

in French and Latine long enough a conscience.

King. Is his wine turned into gold, *Will?*

Wool. The foole mistakes, my gracious Sovereigne.

Will. I, I my Lord, ne're set your wit to the fooles,

Will Summers will be secret now, and say nothing. If I would be a blabbe of my tongue, I could tell the King how many barrells full of Gold and Silver there was, sixe times filled with plate and jewels, twentic great Trunkes with Crosses, Crosiers, Copes, Miters, Maces, Golden Crucifixes, besides the foure hundred & twelue thousand pound that poore Chimneys paid for Peter pence. But this is nothing, for when you are Pope, you may pardon your selfe for more knaverie then this comes to.

King. Go to foole, you wrong the Cardinall,
But grieue not *Woolsey*, *Williams* will be bold :
I pray you set on to meet the Emperour,
The Maior and Cittizens are gone before.
The Prince of *Wales* shall follow presently,
And with our *George* and Coller of estate,
Present him with the order of the Garter :
Great *Maximilian* his progenitour,
Vpon his breast did weare the English Crosse,
And vnderneath our Standerd marcht in armes,
Receiving pay for all his warlike hoste ;
And *Charles* with Knigh-hood shall be honored :
Beginne Lord Cardinall, greete his Maiestie,
And we our selfe will follow presentlie.

Wool. I go my Sovereigne.

Will. Faire weather after yee :

Well, and ere he come to be Pope, I shall be plung'd for this.

Queene. *William*, you haue angered the Cardinall I can tell you.

King. T'is no matter *Kate*, He anger him worse ere long,
Though for a while I smooth it to his face :
I did suspect what heere the foole hath found,
He keeps forsooth a high Court Legantine,

Taxing

When you see me, you know me.

Taxing our subiects, gathering summes of gold,
Which he belike hath hid to make him Pope;
A Gods name let him, that shall be our owne.
But to our businesse, come *Queene Katherin*,
You shall with vs to meet the Emperour,
Let all your Ladies be in readinesse:
Go, let our guard attend the Prince of *Wales*,
Vpon our selfe, the Lords and Pensioners
Shall giue attendance in their best array,
Let all estates be ready; come faire *Kate*,
The Emperour shall see our English state.

Sound.

Sound.

*Enter Emperour, Cardinall, Maior,
and Gentlemen.*

Wool. Your Maiestie is welcome into *England*,
The King our Maister, will reioyce to see
Great *Charles* the Royall Emperours Maiestie.

Empe. Wee thanke your paines my good Lord Cardinall.
And much our longing eyes desires to see
Our Kingly Vnckle and his Princely Sonne,
And therefore, when you please I pray set on.

Wool. On gentlemen, and meete the Prince of *Wales*,
That comes fore-runner to his Royall father,
To entertaine the Christian Emperour:
Meane while your Maiestie may heere behold
This warlike Kingdome faire *Metropolis*,
The Citty *London*, and the River *Thames*,
And note the scituation of the place.

Empe. We do my Lord, and count it admirable:
But see Lord Admirall, the Prince is comming.

Sound.

*Enter the Prince with a Herald before him, bearing the
Coller and Garter, the guard and Lords attending.*

Empe. Well met young couzen.

Prince. I kisse your highnesse hand,
And bid you welcome to my Fathers land,

When you see me, you know me.

I shall not need inferre comparisons,
Welcome beyond compare, for so your Excellencie
Hath honoured England, in containing you,
As with all princely pompe and state wee can,
Weele entertaine great *Charles* the Austrian:
And first, in signe of honour to your Grace,
I heere present this Collar of estate,
This golden Garter of the knight-hoods order,
An honour to renowne the Emperour:
Thus as my Father hath commanded me,
I entertaine your Royall Maiestie.

Empe. True honoured off-spring of a famous King,
Thou dost amaze me, and doost make me wish
I were a second sonne to *Englands* Lord,
In interchange of my imperiall seate,
To liue with thee faire hope of Maiestie,
So well our welcome we accept of thee,
And with such princely spirit pronounce the word,
Thy fathers state, can no more state afford.

Prin. Yes my good Lord, in him theres Maiestie,
In me theres loue with tender infancie. *Sound Trumpets.*

Wool. The trumpets sound my Lord, the King is
comming.

Prin. Go all of you attend his Royall person,
Whilst we obserue the Emperours Maiestie.

Sound.

¶ *Enter the Heralds first, then the Trumpets, next the guard, then
Mace bearer and Swords, then the Cardinall, then Brandon,
then the King, after him the Queens, Lady Mary, and Ladies
attending.*

King. Hold, stand I say.

Bran. Stand gentlemen.

Wool. Cease those trumpet: there.

King. Is the Emperour yet come in sight of vs?

Wool. His Maiestie is hard at hand my Lord.

King. Then *Brandon*, sheath our Sword, and beare our
Maces

When you see me, you know me,

Maces downe,
In honour of my Lord the Emperour:
Forward againe.

Bran. On Gentlemen afore, sound trumpets and set forwards.

Prs. Behold my Father gracious Emperour.

Empe. Weele meet him Coofen :

Vnckle of *England*, King of *France* and *Ireland*, defender of the ancient Christian faith ;

With greater joy I do embrace thy breast;

Then when the seven electors crowned me;

Great Emperour of the Christian Monarchie.

King. Great *Charles*, the first Emperour of *Almayne*, King of the Romans, *Semper Augustus*, warlike King of *Spaine* and *Cicity*, both *Naples*, *Navar* and *Arragon*, King of *Creese* and great *Ierusalem*, Arch-duke of *Austria*, Duke of *Millaine*, *Brabant*, *Burgundy*, *Tyrrell* and *Flaunders*, with this great title I embrace thy breast,

And how thy sight doth please, suppose the rest;

Sound Trumpets while my faire Queene *Katherine*

Gives entertainment to the Emperour.

Sound.

Welcome againe to England Princely Coofen,

Wee dwell heere, but in an outward continent,

Where Winters ice-cickles hangs on our beards,

Bordring vpon the frozen *Orcades*,

Our Mother-point, compast with the *Artick* sea,

Where raging *Boreas* styes from winters mouth,

Yet are our bloods as hot, as where the Sunne doth rise;

Wee haue no golden mines to leade you to,

But hearts of prooffe, and what wee speake, weele do.

Empe. We thanke you Vnckle, and now must chide you;

If wee be welcome to your Countrey,

Why is the ancient league now broke betwixt vs?

Why haue your Heralds in the French Kings cause,

Breathed defiance against our dignitie,

When face to face, wee met at *Landersey*?

King. My Heralds to defie your Maiestie?

Your grace mistakes, Wee sent Embassadors

To



When you see me, you know me.

To treat a peace betwene the French and you,
Not to defie you as an enemy.

Empe. Yet Vnckle in King *Henries* name he came,
And boldly to our face did giue the same.

Card. Hell stop that fatall boding Emperours throte,
That sings against vs this dismall Ravens note.

King. Mother of God, if this be true, wee see,
There are more Kings in *England* now then wee:
Wheres Cardinal *Woolsey*?
Heard you this newes in *France*?

Wool. I did my Liege. and by my meanes twas done,
Ile not deny it; I had Commission
To joyne a league betwixt the French and him,
Which he withstanding as an enemie,
I did defie him from your Maiestie.

King. Durst thou presume so, base-borne Cardinal,
Without our knowledge to abuse our name;
Presumptuous traitor, vnder what pretence
Didst thou attempt to braue the Emperour?
Belike thou meantst to leuell at a Crowne,
But thy ambitious crowne shall hurle thee downe.

Wool. With reverence to your Maiestie, I did no more
Then I can answere to the hily sea.

King. Vilaine, thou canst not answere it to me,
Nor shadow thy insulting trecherie:
How durst ye iurra in your Embassage,
Vnknowne to vs, stampe in our Royall coyne
The base jmpression of your Cardinal hat.
As if you were copartner in the Crowne?

Ego & Rex meus: you and your King must be
In equall state, and pompe, and Maiestie:
Out of my presence hatefull impudencie.

Wool. Remember my Liege that I am Cardinal
And deputie vnto his holinesse.

King. Be the diuells Deputie, I care not I,
Ile not be baffeld by your trechery;
Yare false abusers of Religion,
You can corrupt it and forbid the King,

When you see me, you know me,

Vpon the penaltie of the Popes blacke curse,
If he should pawne his Crowne for souldiers pay,
Not to suppress an old religious Abbey,
Yet you at pleasure haue subverted foure,
Seizing their Lands, tunning vp heapes of Gold,
Secret conveiance of our Royall Seale,
To raise Collections to enrich thy state,
For which sir, we command you leaue the Court,
We heere discharge you of your offices:
You that are *Caiphas*, or great Cardinall,
Hast ye with speed vnto your Bishopricke;
There keepe you, till you heere further from vs:
Away, and speake not.

Wool. Yet will I proudly passe as Cardinall,
Although this day define my heavy fall.

Exit.

Empe. I feare King *Henry*, and my royall Vnckle,
The Cardinall will curse my progresse hither.

King. No matter coosen, beshrew his trecherous heart,
Haz mou'd my blood to much impatience.

Enter Will Summers.

Wheres *Will Summers*? come on wife *Williams*,
Wee must vse your little witts, to chafe this
Anger from our blood againe:
What art thou doing?

Will. I am looking round about the Emperour, mee thinks
tis a strange sight, for though he haue seene more fooles then I,
yet I never saw no more Emperours but him.

Empe. Is this *Will Summers*? I haue heard of him in all the
Princes Courts in Christendome.

Will. Law ye my Lord, you haue a famous foole of mee,
I cantell yee,

Will Summers is knowne farre and neere yee see.

King. I, are you ryming *Williams*, na, then I am for yee, I
haue not rymed with ye a great while, and now Ile challenge ye,
and the Emperour shall be iudge betweene vs.

Will. Content my Lord, I am for ye all, come but one at once
and



When you see me, you know me.

and I care not.

King. Say ye so sir, come *Kate*, stand by mee,
Weele put him to a nonplus pre-

Quee. To him *Will.* (sently.

Will. I warrant you Madam.

King. Answere this sir,
The bud is spread, the Rose is red, the leafe is greene,

Will. A wench 'tis fed, was found in your bed, besides the
Queene.

Quee. Godamercy for that *Will*,
Theres two Angels for thee:

Ifaith my Lord: I am glad I know it.

King. Gods mother *Kate*, wilt thou beleue the foole? hee
lies, he lies, a sirra *William*, I perceiue and't had beene so, you
would haue shamed me before the Emperour, yet *William* haue
at you once more,

In yonder Tower, theres a flower, that hath my hart.

Will. Within this heure, she pist full sower, and let a fart.

Empe. Hees too hard for you my Lord, j'le trie him one ve-
nie my selfe, what say you to this *William*?

An Emperour is great, high is his seate, who is his foe?

Will. The wormes that shall eate, his carkas for meate, whe-
ther he will or no.

Empe. Well answered *Will*, yet once more I am for yee,
A ruddy lip, with a cherry tip, is fit for a King.

Will. I, so he may dip, about her hip, i'th tother thing.

Empe. Haz put me downe my Lord.

Will. Who comes next then?

King. The Queene *William*, looke to your selfe;
To him *Kate*.

Quee. Come on *William*, answer to this,
What cold I take, my head doth ake, what phisick's good?

Will. Heeres one will make, the cold to breake, and warme
your blood.

Quee. I am not repulst at first *William*, againe sir,
Women and their wills, are dangerous ill, as some men suppose.

Will. She that puddings fills, when snow lies o'th hills, must
keepe cleane her nose.

When you see me, you know me.

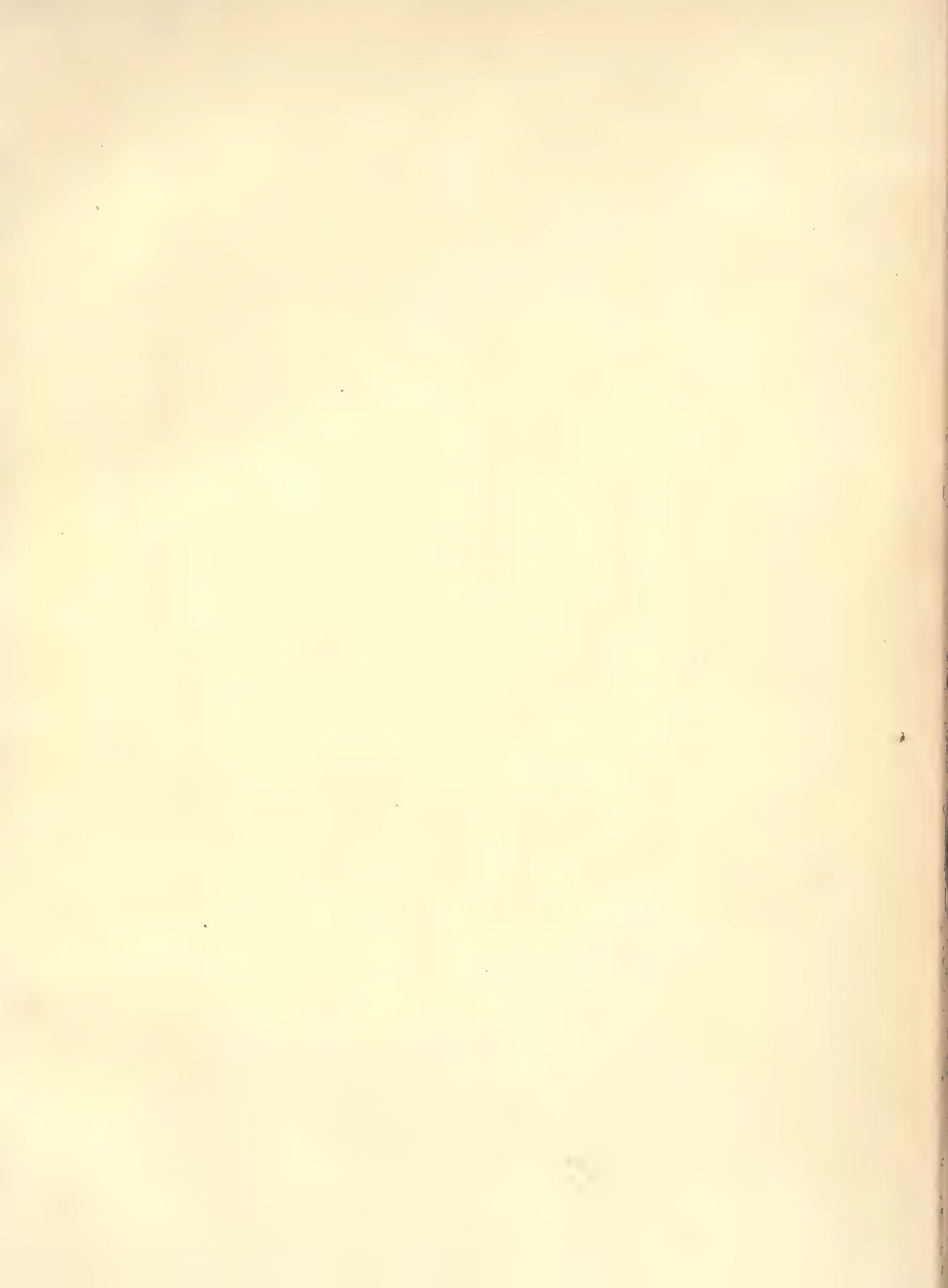
King. Inough good *William*, y'are too hard for all:
My Lord the Emperour, wee delay too long,
Your promised welcome to the English Court,
The honourable order of the Garter,
Your Maiestic shall take immediately,
And sit instalde therewith in *Windsor* Castle,
I tell yee there are lads girt with that order,
That will vngirt the proudest Champion:
Set forwards there, regard the Emperours state,
First in our Court weele banquet metrily,
Then mount on steedes, and girt in compleat Steele,
Weele tuggge at Barriers, Tilt and turnament:
Then shall yee see the Yeomen of my guard
Wrestle, shoote, throw the sledge, or pitch the barre,
Or any other actiue exercise:
Those triumphs past, weele forthwith hast to *Windsor*,
Saint *Georges* knight shall be the Christian Emperour.

Exeunt Omnes.

F F N I S.











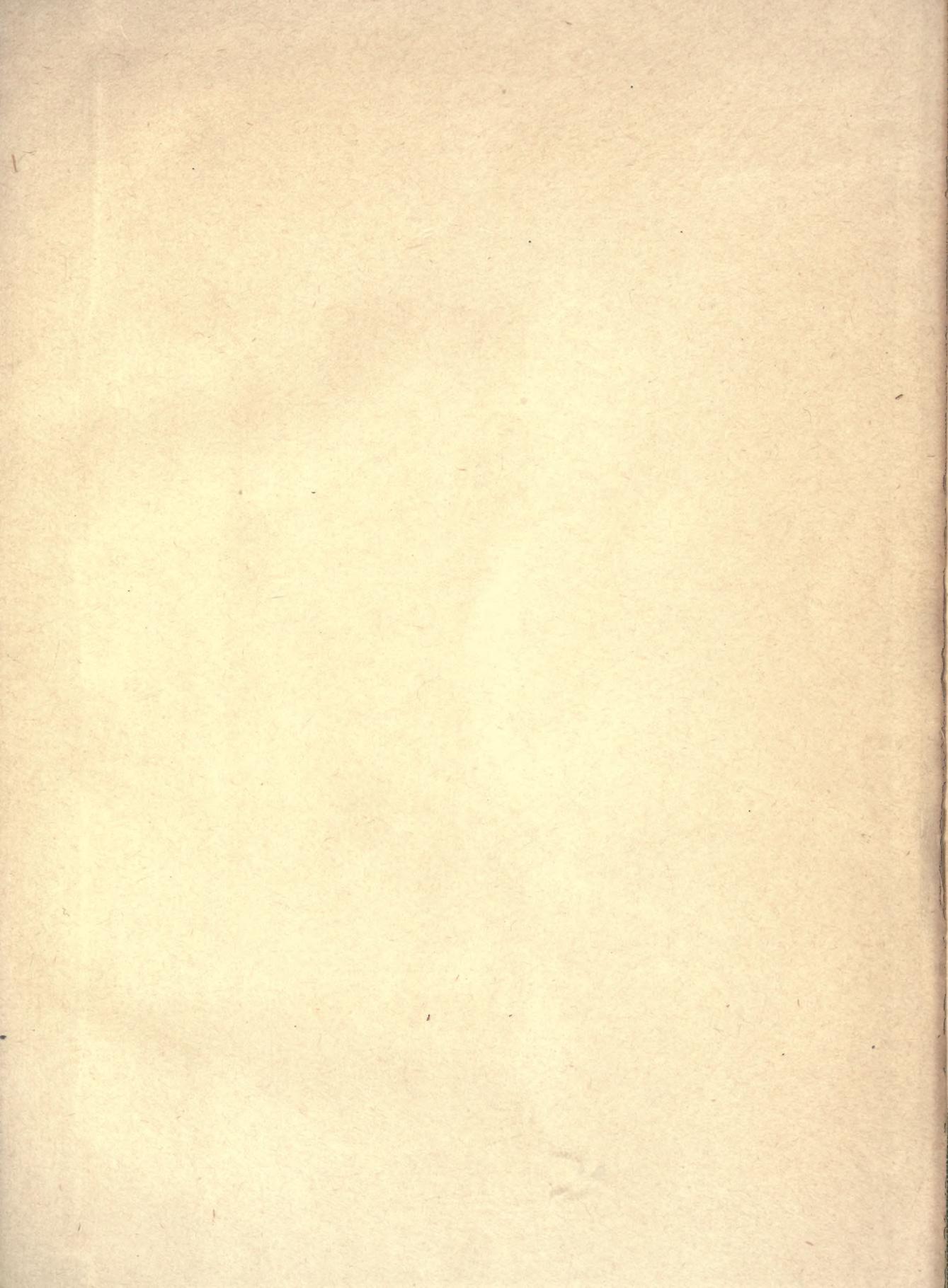


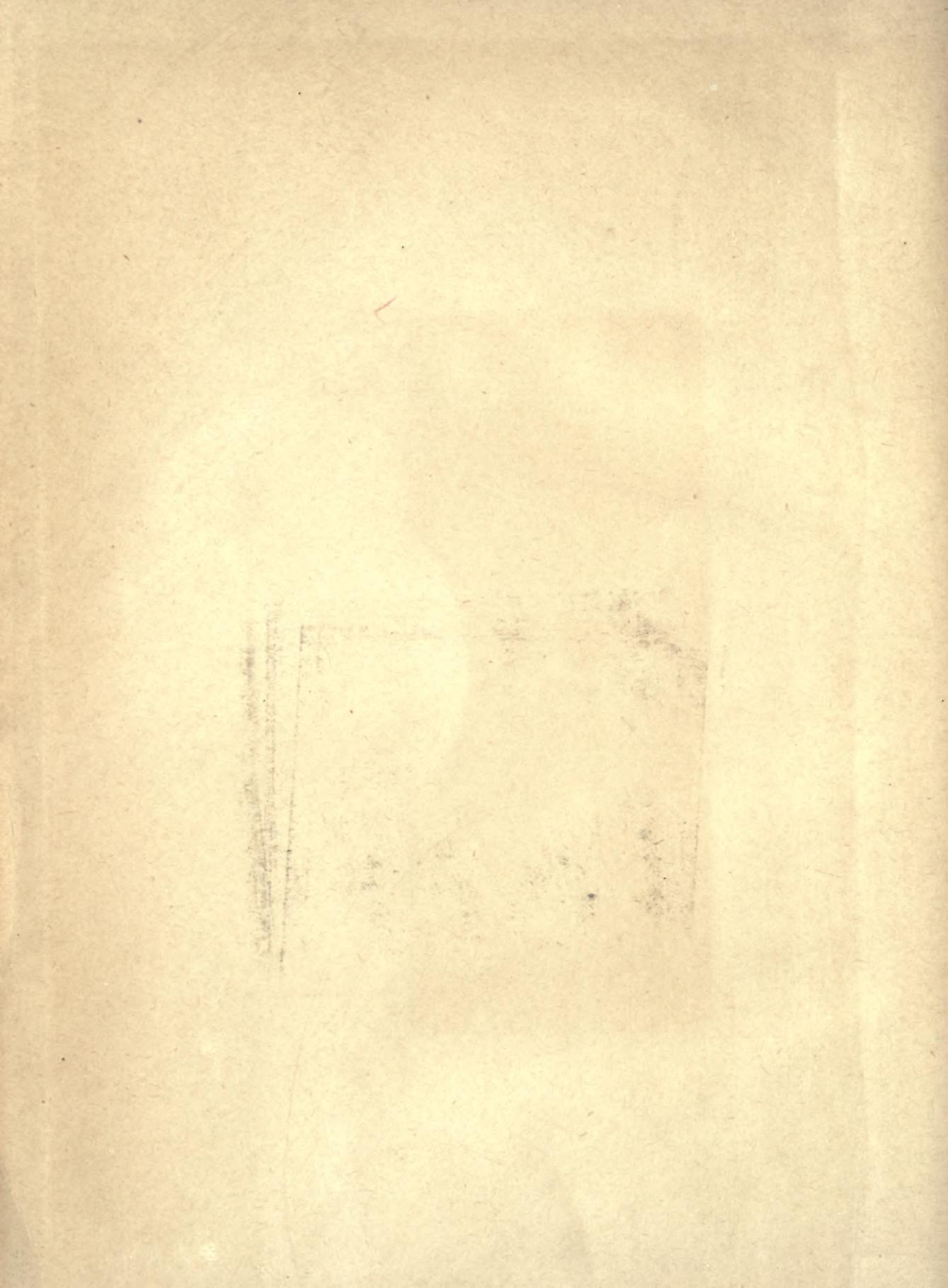












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Rowley, Samuel

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